

# THE FORTNIGHTLY

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## INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

BY W. HORSFALL CARTER.

“WHITEHALL 2233 ?” “Chatham House”, replies the voice of the switchboard operator, and the caller, having stated his business, is put through to the Information Department. The question is—and this is an authentic instance : “Is Signor Gayda a big man or a small man” ? A much-travelled staff is quite equal to the occasion ; though there must be times when the connotation of “international affairs” seems a little too comprehensive. That is, of course, the freak type of inquiry, but at all times they range very wide, from the number of golf courses which were ploughed up during the War for the growing of vegetables in the cause of the national food supply to the distinctive features of the financial policy of Poland. City business firms, it is said, are not above asking for political tips.

By its Information Department, its well-stocked library and press-cutting service, the Royal Institute of International Affairs, better known as “Chatham House”, has contrived to open its doors to a far wider public than its opposite numbers catering for the arts, for history or for science. Without shedding a certain all-pervading air of solemnity, due no doubt to the design of its founders that it should be as august as other learned societies, it has now become the established service station for the traveller on the unfamiliar international plane ; no longer therefore should it blush unseen. Untrammelled by official ties and necessarily disclaiming any “opinions” it must nevertheless be appraised as a formative influence on the public mind. The work of the Information Department, though it may meet a popular demand, is perhaps the least representative of the Institute’s activities. It is as a training-school for an *élite*,



for those who may be called upon to play an active part in public life, that "Chatham House" counts.

Twice in the space of a few months that hydra-headed creature, British public opinion, has insisted on playing one of the chief parts in the drama of international politics. In December last the world looked on with mingled feelings of despair and admiration while a well-turned product of diplomatic carpentering, designed to stop up a nasty gap in the fence of "collective security", was just swept away in a torrent of reprobation. This spring, similarly, we have seen British public opinion obstructing by sentimental vapourings the careful efforts of the Foreign Office to repair the damage caused by Germany's latest manifestation of *Faustrecht*. It may be that the effect of the Hoare-Laval Peace Plan would have been to surrender the League into the hands of its enemies—though it is hardly in better case now!—and that the plain man intuitively appreciates that the kind of Anglo-French co-operation envisaged in the chancelleries is a travesty of what is required to make the League an effective agency of peace in Europe. It may be, too, that the French are very "difficult" and that they have given evidence of interpreting "collective security" in *sens unique*. I am not concerned here either to justify or to condemn these psychological reactions of "the uninstructed" (Sir John Simon's phrase). What I do wish to stress, because of its bearing on my subject, is that there is this new force of moral dynamics which has to be reckoned with, which is capable of wrecking the best-laid schemes of the diplomatic mice-men—but which is also capable, if harnessed to a genuine international endeavour, of breaking down the defences of tradition and sovereignty that bar the way to a new international order.

In an address which he gave at Chatham House just a year ago on this very subject of "Modern Diplomacy and British Public Opinion", Mr. Harold Nicolson had some provocative things to say. His thesis was that in regard to international affairs perplexity and suspicion rather than ignorance were the bane of democracy: that in this sphere the confidence which we freely accord to the professionals (in other words the Civil Service), is denied to the diplomats, because of the very complexity and exotic nature of foreign affairs. The average Englishman,



Mr. Nicolson suggested, confronted by an issue of international politics, resorts to the psychology of escape, obeying the self-same impulse that leads him to avoid the effort of understanding a work of modern art by condemning it as comic, immoral or affected.

That, of course, is a debatable reading of the attitude of the Englishman *today* towards international affairs, but one can at any rate accept Mr. Nicolson's charge that "the British public, in its hatred of the incomprehensible, is terribly apt to grasp at the half-understood". And the best possible instance of this eagerness to pursue red herrings—frequently because of a peculiar savour they may have for that fabled monster, an Englishman's conscience—was seen recently in the popular championing of Germany which was reflected in Press and Parliament in the first few weeks after Herr Hitler threw down the gauntlet in the Rhineland. It was said ironically at the time that "the British public is not pro-Hitler but pro-Stresemann . . . and the news of his death, when it reaches this country, will come as a grave shock to many"!

For the perceptible shift of public opinion in the ensuing months away from "sentimental pro-Germanism", in Mr. Nicolson's phrase, some credit at least may be accorded to Chatham House which had promptly arranged three successive meetings where every aspect of the question "Germany and the Rhineland" was discussed, following addresses by Mr. Harold Nicolson, Sir Norman Angell and Lord Lothian, the proceedings being published with all speed as a special supplement to *International Affairs*, the Institute's journal. Here was the Institute ably fulfilling the function predicated in 1920 by Mr. Balfour (as he was then) of providing "the material from which those who are most influential, and who have the greatest amount of knowledge, comprehension and perspective in foreign affairs can form public opinion".

Traditionally, Englishmen have exhibited a woeful ignorance of, and indifference to, foreign affairs. Before 1914, with its fatal shock to our insular complacency, the number of those who took a sympathetic interest in the life of the peoples of foreign countries was very small—not least because of the scant attention



paid in public and secondary schools and universities to the study of foreign languages. Applied to the upper classes the sally of Theodor Wolff, the former distinguished editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, in his book *The Eve of 1914*—"Europe was all very well for summer holidays and winter sports, but what really mattered was only England"—is not inaccurate: there was a characteristic attitude of aloofness which is reflected still to-day in the habits of British colonies in the capitals abroad who will have as little as possible to do with the "natives".

It is a remarkable thing, by the way, that the interest in international affairs is more real and capable of intelligent development among the *petite bourgeoisie* and working-men as a class than among the well-to-do. Mr. Vernon Bartlett at the microphone, unique in his capacity for popularizing foreign affairs, found a public ready and eager to know and to understand thanks no doubt to the spade-work of the Workers' Educational Association and University Extension classes and the high standards of the best provincial newspapers. A comparison of the amount of space devoted to foreign news in the principal newspapers in 1908 or 1910 and 1936 is staggering. Even *The Times*, for instance, in 1908 ran barely a column on the main news page with its regular service from foreign correspondents rigidly confined to another part of the paper. The snippet Press has been compelled to fall into line in the great change which these twenty-five years have seen, even if it has to invent daily sensations and so, in Mr. Nicolson's phrase, "to blur by atmospherics the correct transmission of information from abroad".

The sloughing of the old self-sufficiency really begins with the Peace Conference of Paris in 1919. That gathering of men from every walk of life—trained diplomatists, soldiers, sailors, airmen, civil administrators, jurists, financial and economic experts, captains of industry, spokesmen of labour and scholars—was a unique communion of the spirit. It revealed to many of the British swarm within the restricted area of the Hotel Majestic men who perhaps had played a prominent part in the development of the Empire, the extent of their ignorance of the affairs of Europe, and above all of the inter-action of national policies. At the same time the free exchange of information and opinion



among members of the British delegation and their American colleagues was a real tonic in an atmosphere thick with national passion and intrigue. The behaviour of the people at home, still suffused with the war-psychosis and incited by the Northcliffe Press, was, incidentally, a grim warning of the perils of "democracy" lacking any basis of knowledge.

It was a combination of these motives which inspired the decision to establish a British Institute of International Affairs which should be the centre and focus of all unofficial activities bearing on the subject. The moving spirits were stalwarts of the *Round Table* enterprise which had been initiated in the years immediately preceding the War, men like Lionel Curtis, who was included in the "League of Nations" contingent (!) of the British Delegation, Philip Kerr (then occupying an important position by his association with Mr. Lloyd George), and their *confrères* from the Dominions; in conjunction, however, with Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Eustace Percy, James Headlam-Morley, Historical Adviser to the Foreign Office, and a number of distinguished soldiers whose work had brought them into contact, specifically, with European problems. The actual F.O. representatives, Sir Eyre Crowe at the head, welcomed the proposed new venture. And one of the first papers read to a meeting of the Institute was that by Sir Maurice Hankey, Secretary of the Cabinet, on the theme of "Diplomacy by Conference", which was from the outset the British official reading of the League of Nations text. At first the project was a joint Anglo-American one, and the informal meeting of May 30th, 1919, had General Tasker Bliss in the chair. Later the more practical alternative was chosen of a purely British Institute, with affiliations in the Dominions, working in close co-operation with a similar body in the U.S.A.—the group which subsequently became the Council of Foreign Relations, with its classic quarterly, *Foreign Affairs*.

Lord Grey was the principal speaker at the inaugural meeting, which was held on July 5th, 1920. He was emphatic that the purpose of the Institute must be auxiliary and unprejudiced—it was not designed to formulate foreign policy or to engage in propaganda of particular schools of thought. There has been no conscious deviation from this aim in the sixteen years of the



life of the Institute ; indeed, if anything, the impersonal impartial note has been somewhat overdone, for example, in the style of some of the publications issued under its auspices—a criticism which, of course, does not apply to the matchless *Survey of International Affairs* that has been produced each year since 1925 by Professor Arnold Toynbee, with the assistance of Miss V. M. Boulter.

“ British Institute of International Affairs ” was a forbidding enough title ; nor did the initials lend themselves to the kind of lettered appellation by which other similar titles have found salvation. (Only the other day there was a gentle complaint in a letter from the U.S.A. saying : “ If we in America called our bureaux by such long names as you call yours, we should run out of letters of the alphabet ” !) Thanks to the generosity of a wealthy Canadian friend, however, the Institute in 1923 acquired a local habitation and a name, this Chatham House which is now a household word among all students of international affairs and is slowly making a place for itself in the minds of a wider public.

One of the many handsome but unpretentious private houses in St. James's Square, Chatham House had been the home of the elder Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and in the course of the nineteenth century was used as a town residence by two other Prime Ministers, Derby and Gladstone. (The portraits of these three former Prime Ministers now adorn the walls. The house had come into the hands of Colonel and Mrs. Leonard of St. Catherine's, Ontario, and, on the advice of their trusted friend, the Duke of Devonshire, it was offered by them as a gift to the British Commonwealth “ to be administered by the Institute as a centre for the scientific study of imperial and international affairs ”. The donors, now deceased, lived long enough to see the fruits of their benefaction, and the name itself perpetuates their memory, for, as they used to say, it was due to Chatham that they as Canadians enjoyed the status of British citizenship.

Until the move into Chatham House the Institute had been housed in Malet Street, under the wing of the Institute of Historical Research. Another Dominions patron, Sir Abner Bailey, had borne the initial cost of its humble activities. These



included monthly informal meetings at which persons fresh from some distant scene of action would communicate first-hand impressions, exactly as had happened during the Peace Conference. With the gift of the new house the process of equipment on the lines of the original conception could begin.

The new habitat itself was not large, it contained only two rooms suitable as library and discussion centres. At the formal presentation ceremony, however, the Prince of Wales, as visitor, was able to announce that "England" was ready to emulate the Dominions' example, that Mr. Cecil Power (now Sir John Power) had undertaken to provide a sum of £10,000 for the erection of a worthy Meeting Hall. There can be few visitors to the home of the Institute who would not subscribe to the opinion that the beautifully-proportioned, light conference-hall, designed by Sir Herbert Baker, is one of his happiest conceptions. It is built in a limited rectangular space between two houses, on the site of what was once Mr. Gladstone's library.

In 1926 the Institute may be said to have finally secured its position. It was in that year that it received its Royal Charter, and the Annual Report of 1926 defines explicitly its aims, which may be conveniently described under the four headings of Meetings, Scientific Study and Research, Information, and Co-ordination with similar Centres in other countries.

For the 2,000 odd members the Meetings and the Library facilities are the principal service. Membership is by nomination, the candidate being required to attest "authoritative knowledge of some aspect of international affairs". The Institute is nothing if not exclusive. Yet, as the Institute has expanded, its particular value as a meeting-ground for men of theory and men of practice has somehow diminished. As Lord Cecil remarked once at one of the Annual Dinners, he had never yet seen any junior from the Foreign Office within the portals of Chatham House; and, generally speaking, those whose daily occupation has to do with "foreign affairs" are not easily induced nowadays to attend the Institute's evening addresses.

The path of the Institute may be traced in the character and the various types of meetings. For the more specialized audience of the first years the speaker was someone, British or foreign, able to make a real contribution to the stock of knowledge on



any particular subject; a most important element was the subsequent discussion where divergent views might be put forward, the fruits of different experience; and the wisdom generated by the impact of mind upon mind was in the best traditions of Oxford—or Greece. Such gatherings still go on, under the title of Ordinary Meetings. But they have been somewhat put into the shadow by the General Meetings customarily held on Tuesdays (8.30 p.m. is the conventional hour for all meetings) at which speakers “with a name” deal with topics of general contemporary interest before an audience which is always large, frequently distinguished but not always entitled to claim any special knowledge or distinction in the particular field of international affairs! This *mondain* element which has crept in during recent years was well exemplified by a recent meeting when Mr. Peter Fleming told a thrilling story of his experiences in unknown Central Asia. On occasions, as when the speaker is some foreign or Dominion celebrity like André Maurois, Mr. Gandhi, Pertinax or General Smuts, the hall-space, which only seats 312, is supplemented by the adjoining loud-speaker room, where amplifiers are installed. This question of space, by the way, is becoming a serious problem, as the vogue of Chatham House extends. For the timely discussion on “The League at the Cross-roads” for instance, on May 13th I arrived quite early, only to find the “House Full” notices up, and many had ruefully to go away.

The year 1929–30 affords a sample of the fare provided. Dr. Virgil Madgearu was heard on “The New Economic Policy of Rumania”, General Smuts on The British Empire and World Peace, Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald on the London Naval Conference and M. André Siegfried on “European and American Civilization”. Last autumn we heard, on different aspects of the Italo-Abyssinian dispute, Sir Alfred Zimmern, Sir Herbert Samuel, M. Jacques Kayser and Signor Daniele Varé. Generally the same high standard of speakers has been maintained. Those who can look back on the early days, however, must regret that the “discussion” element has deteriorated either the pundits hold the floor or certain members proceed to mount their respective hobby-horses and carry the subject into the realm of triviality.



By a Council Resolution of June 1st, 1927, all meetings of the Institute are preceded by a conventional homily wherein members are exhorted to remember that these gatherings are strictly private, and that, though any information obtained may be utilized, its source must not be disclosed. The object is, of course, to enable the speaker to open his mind freely, which he does. To this end, moreover, membership of the Institute is confined to British subjects, and no foreign guest is admitted—a taboo which may be desirable as a matter of practical convenience but which by its savour of tribalism is undoubtedly damaging to the repute of Chatham House. It means, for instance, that Americans or Frenchmen who have resided for twenty years in London are, nevertheless, excluded. (In the case of the Library the Britannia-complex is discarded, and a non-member of any nationality may apply for a Reader's ticket.) One recalls a solemn discussion at an Annual Meeting on the question of amending a by-law to provide that a woman member who by marriage loses her British nationality shall not thereby be compelled to withdraw: a certain well-known editor darkly hinted at the dread consequences if the English wives of foreign diplomats should—as, of course, they would—pass on to their husbands the *arcana arcanorum* gleaned at meetings. The pose of superior “British” discretion is really rather absurd; for tit-bits from Chatham House are not seldom talked about the same evening in Fleet Street offices and thence at once cabled abroad by interested foreign correspondents enjoying their colleagues' hospitality. A selection of the papers read at Chatham House appears regularly, in any case, in *International Affairs* every two months. With its admirable book reviews, and an occasional special article, this publication is the best possible advertisement of the Institute.

The Survey of International Affairs is the *pièce de résistance* in the way of general publications for which the Institute is responsible. It is made possible by the generosity of that G.O.M. of Liberalism, Sir Daniel Stevenson. (There is a companion compilation of Documents.) The British Year-Book of International Law is also published under the auspices of Chatham House.

In the way of research, financed by benefactions, including



two generous gifts from Sir Abe Bailey and the Rockefeller Foundation, several notable individual studies have appeared: e.g., that on *Eastern Industrialization and its Effect on the West* by G. E. Hubbard, another on *Geographic Disarmament*, by Major-General J. Marshall-Cornwall, one on *National States and National Minorities*, by C. A. Macartney, which is the standard work on the subject, and a valuable little study on *Germany's Foreign Indebtedness*, by C. R. S. Harris. But the major contribution of Chatham House in this field has been the composite production achieved after pooling of knowledge and due process of scrutiny by the Study Group. To this category belong valuable studies on monetary policy, unemployment, agriculture, etc., the object being not to formulate any policy but to supply all the necessary material for the shaping of policy. I have already mentioned the Information Department for whose Papers in their prim green covers there is a large and increasing sale; the latest of them on *Raw Materials and Colonies* should have a sobering effect on the pack of idealists who since Sir Samuel Hoare's speculations at the League Assembly have been in full cry after the quarry of "peaceful change".

It only remains for me to mention the connections of Chatham House with similar institutions outside this country. Its peculiar if unavowed purpose has always been to enable the separate units of the British Commonwealth "to think out their relations with one another and also to the world at large".\* The opposite number of Chatham House was established in Canada in 1928, under the chairmanship of the Hon. Vincent Massey. Branches in Sydney and Melbourne operating since 1925 were incorporated into the Australian Institute of International Affairs in 1933. New Zealand, South Africa and lately India have followed suit, and it is said that an Institute is in contemplation in Dublin.

Doubtless this link of Empire is one that will be of increasing importance in the future. There has been close co-operation with the Institute of Pacific Relations from the first. With Europe relations have been less systematic. But co-ordination with similar centres of study on the Continent—in Paris, Milan, Madrid—many of which have been patterned upon Chatham

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\* Speech by Mr. Lionel Curtis at Sixteenth Annual General Meeting, Nov. 5th 1935.



House—is now assured by the series of International Study Conferences under the auspices of the Institute of Intellectual Co-operation in Paris. The first of these gatherings took place in Berlin in March, 1928. *Tempora mutantur!* They provide the occasion for a comparison of many different stand-points on subjects of contemporary interest such as “The State and Economic Life”; in 1935 the theme of the biennial full conference was Collective Security, while for 1937 work is going ahead for a similar symposium on “Peaceful Change”. Whether a mere juxtaposition of national points of view is really very helpful I take leave to doubt; it does not make for an international synthesis, any more than a concatenation of national policies at Geneva has produced an international society.

Without for a moment accepting the brain-bound “cosmopolitan” philosophy of Mr. H. G. Wells, reiterated with some force in a letter to *The Times* on April 28th, one may fairly ask whether the esoteric elaboration of a *national* policy is adequate to the moral imperative of our times. When Chatham House was founded, it was timidly suggested that “national policies ought to be formed with an eye to the welfare of society at large”; the most these knights-errant of the new era would concede was “the necessity to create some organization for studying the relation of this principle (*i.e.*, the international) to practical questions as they arise”. A beautiful example of English compromise! The lesson of sixteen years’ experience is surely plain—that the superstition of State sovereignty expressed in the panoply of power, *alias* national defence, is still holding back the nations from the establishment of a warless world.

“Holy State, we live to learn, endeth in Holy War” said Rudyard Kipling in one of his most pregnant lines. An Institute of International Affairs which is shot through and through with the texture of British foreign policy, as conceived in official spheres, will never give that bold lead for crossing the Rubicon for which ordinary men and women are clamouring. The mass of the people in every country are happily free from the inhibitions that are the curse of the governing class. And they are demanding in their own crude way—hence Franklin Roosevelt’s phrase last year: “War by Governments has to give place to peace by



peoples"—that the statesmen shall look beyond the horizon of the national State, that the conception of the League of Nations as just "a market for give-and-take" in Senor de Madariaga's phrase, a mere Round Table extension for Foreign Offices, shall give place to the original idea of an authority overriding national policies.

Englishmen are particularly slow in appreciating the need for more drastic change in the administration of international affairs, because, as Sir Norman Angell never tires of reminding us, in our schools hitherto no attempt was made to describe and analyse the political and economic structure of society, still less the nature of the international organization which alone can secure peace. Chatham House at long last seems to be making a start in this direction. One might instance the peculiar interest displayed in two recent meetings at which Lord Lugard and Professor Arnold Toynbee discussed the possibilities and limitations of peaceful change in the colonial sphere. The Institute, alas! came into existence twenty years too late to influence the minds of our present rulers. Under its new Council Chairman, Lord Astor, and with the gradual infusion of young blood into its membership, however, it may be hoped that within its scope as a centre of information and study it will soon be pulling its weight in the instrumentation of a policy transcending the bounds of narrow national interest.



## OVERTURE TO THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

By H. B. ELLISTON

MR. ROOSEVELT for fully half his term held more than the respect due to an incoming President. To the people he appeared and acted as a Moses leading the country out of an economic wilderness. Some of the most extraordinary "fan mail" any public man has ever received testified to this semi-religious faith in Mr. Roosevelt. "My own thought is that you are the living God" wrote one enthusiast. On the President's birthday in January, 1934, a telegram was brought to the White House offices wrapped around the ends of a giant pole. It contained 46,000 names, 138,000 words; a greeting from the State of Alabama. Even those Americans who were intellectually or financially repelled by the New Deal either withheld their tongues or criticized only by indirection. The more courageous salved their consciences or sought to protect their pocket books by making whipping boys out of Presidential lieutenants.

Huey P. Long, whose bizarre figure bestrode the American scene for so many picturesque months, was the first public man, I believe, to make a target of the President himself. He did it in the choicest billingsgate. The first reaction was one of shock. Such abuse seemed much more than *lèse-majesté*; it was blasphemy. Gradually, however, a chorus took the place of that egregious pipe organ from Louisiana, a chorus compounded of many diverse elements. A sudden realization came over the country that there was no easy route to the Promised Land. Many were disillusioned by the series of advances and retreats. Others became dizzy with what the Kingfish called the "St. Vitus's dance" march. Some grew alarmed—thanks, in great part, to Hitler and the Supreme Court—lest the goal should turn out to be the totalitarian state.



On such fertile soil an opposition rose again with new weapons. The middle-of-the-road man in the White House was assailed from Left and Right. To all these oppositionists a very conservative newspaper press, which with notable exceptions had been muffling its pent-up spleen, opened its columns. The noise became so loud that last autumn non-partisan observers began openly to doubt Mr. Roosevelt's chances for re-election. Republicanism, recovering from the two knock-out blows in 1932 and 1934, obviously was benefiting from this resurgence of opposition. But what the observers were mainly counting upon were two other factors: the threat of a third party movement from the Left of Mr. Roosevelt's Democratic supporters, and the possibility that the party might be even further disrupted by a movement from the Right to challenge Mr. Roosevelt's re-nomination. This latter event is to be decided at Philadelphia on June 23rd.

Since that time there has been a marked change in outlook. It began last September with the assassination of the insouciant "Huey", as he had come to be called throughout the country, the man who seemed destined to break the Roosevelt hold on the "solid South", the territorial fulcrum of the Democratic party. Ever since the Civil War there have been few defections in the anti-Republican vote in the land of cotton; virtually the only Republicans, when and where they are able to vote, are the negroes. Huey's power sprang from the dissatisfaction of the submerged tenantry on the lowest level of southern white society. The dissatisfaction was aimed at the plantation aristocracy, whose rule has persisted by force of tradition since its power was crushed by the Civil War and the misnamed period of Reconstruction, and newer landlords. The crop-reducing programme of the Agricultural Adjustment Act, which the Supreme Court threw out, while allaying the ire of the independent farming West, did not assuage discontent in the semi-feudal South. When Long came into national prominence, such crop controls were having a positively adverse effect upon the tenants of the cotton lands, enriching the landlords, and driving tenants on to the relief rolls. The new programme, which, except that it is voluntary, is virtually the old one under another name, will probably have much the same effect as did the old one. Nevertheless there is



nobody left in the South with the requisite stature for Long's mantle in using Southern discontent as a wedge in the Democratic party; certainly not the aspirant to that mantle, Governor Talmadge of Georgia, a man of the same stamp as Long in everything but brains.

With Long passed the major threat of a left wing secession from the Roosevelt party. Still claiming their millions of adherents are two other left wing organizations, Father Coughlin's National Union of Social Justice and Dr. Townsend's old age revolving pension movement, or O.A.R.P. In all probability both groups would have fallen into the Kingfish's net. Long's ideology of wealth-sharing was simple and elastic enough to absorb both the Coughlin demand for the nationalization of bank credit machinery and the Townsend demand for the redistribution of half the national income in old age pensions. Without the Louisianan to give vitality to Left wingism, however, the two movements are making no headway. The rhetorical cleric is hopelessly involved in his complicated indictment of the "money power", and the simple-minded doctor has become equally involved in a House of Representatives investigation into the curious financing of his organization.

Most of the right-wing opposition to Mr. Roosevelt outside the Republican party centres in the American Liberty League. This organization is essentially plutocratic. And it contains a heavy sprinkling of conservative Democrats too wedded to Democratic affiliations, either by residence or inheritance, to join the Republican party. Diverse are their objections to their titular chief. The Jeffersonians among them distrust the growth of centralized government under Mr. Roosevelt; those associated with big business are unreconciled to Mr. Roosevelt's social reforms.

In January the American Liberty League decided to use this Democratic opposition to stage a coup for election year. As chief speaker at a League banquet the choice fell upon the standard bearer of the Democrats against Mr. Hoover in 1928, "Al" Smith. Former Governor Smith's progressivism was above reproach. Along the back streets of the towns his name was as much revered as was Long's in the backwoods of the Southern countryside. How much his antipathy to Mr. Roosevelt



is personal and how much is political will always be debated. To all appearances the record of these quondam friends should logically converge on something like the New Deal. Yet since 1932, when Mr. Roosevelt beat Mr. Smith for the Democratic nomination, their roads have diverged. For these reasons "Al" Smith, whom Mr. Roosevelt once called the "Happy Warrior", came as a gift from heaven to the American Liberty League. In the investigations which the Senate is now conducting into these anti-New Deal organizations, the purpose of the invitation has been acknowledged in the witness box: "Al" Smith was chosen in order to rub out the big business "taint" with which the American Liberty League is coated in the eyes of the people. The affair turned out to be even more successful than its sponsors had dared to hope. Mr. Smith, in the name of the Democratic dissidents, threatened to walk out of the forthcoming Democratic convention.

Here appeared the making of an even greater split in the Democratic party than the Long threat. Commentators foresaw a repetition of 1896, when William Jennings Bryan and the Populists, upholders of a silver standard for the currency, captured the Democratic party, and let in the Republican McKinley. Mr. Smith, according to the disclosures before the investigating committee of the Senate, "felt that he was sufficiently known by the country to be able to use any board from which to spring back into the public eye". His faith turned out to be unjustified. In retrospect the speech seems to have been little more than a nine days' wonder. For "Al" Smith in a top hat looked very different to the common folk from "Al" Smith in his familiar brown bowler. In other words, the particular springboard he chose, reinforced as it was by his working affiliations with big business, appears to have been as springless as a Peking cart.

It remains to be seen, of course, what effect the Smith challenge will yet have at Philadelphia. But the indications are that the former Democratic chieftain will be a negligible factor. In the South, where conservative Democrats dominate the old southern aristocracy, there was little response to the tocsin from the "sidewalks of New York". The fact is that Smith and these Southern dissidents are incompatible. Former Governor Smith is so many other things besides a Democrat—a Roman Catholic,



an original "wet" and urban-minded—that he is alien to many of his Southern confrères.

The Jeffersonians, it is true, know that Mr. Roosevelt still harbours great plans for "big government". Not by one jot has he abandoned his reformist zeal for less insecurity and a bigger share of abundant life for America's "forgotten man". The grand improvisator is the grand improvisator still, the broker of ideas, as H. J. Laski well describes him. "I say to you", he told a gathering of young Democrats recently, "do something; and when you have done that something, if it works, do it some more; and if it does not work, do something else". This temperamental need that "something" be done, even if the path seems unclear and the end totally obscure, is severely handicapped by the Constitution, at least the present Supreme Court's interpretation of the Constitution. Especially is the road barred to the regulation of business by the Federal Government. and yet, judging from Mr. Roosevelt's latest hints and the drift of activity in Washington, the President has set his heart on reviving that regulator of business, the ill-fated National Recovery Administration. This would conform with the political essence of his New Deal—the shackling of the "entrenched greed" of the great corporations in Federal Government leading strings.

At one time, in order to accomplish this object, Mr. Roosevelt seemed to have decided to give constitutional amendment primacy among the election issues. That, however, would have been one way to tempt the Jeffersonians in his party into open rebellion. Better tactical counsels have now prevailed, and the consensus of opinion in Washington is that the Constitution will not figure in the Roosevelt campaigning at all.\*

So the path seems fairly clear at Philadelphia. To the rash commentator before the conventions, the problem now is to speculate about a battle between Mr. Roosevelt and, as they say in cricket, A. N. Other. This A. N. Other will be chosen at

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\* Since this was written the Supreme Court has again offered a challenge to Mr. Roosevelt's policy by a decision invalidating the Guffey Coal Act for regulating the coal industry. The possible political results of this decision are indicated by the report that organised labour, which supports the President, is disappointed and angry and will demand at the Democratic Convention this month the inclusion in its platform of a "plank" favouring constitutional amendment.—Ed.

Cleveland on June 9, two weeks before the rival Democratic convention. Three definite contenders are in the field—Governor Landon of Kansas, Senator Borah of Idaho, and Colonel Knox, publisher of the *Chicago Daily News*. And there are half a dozen leaders holding themselves, or being held, in reserve.

In politics, a highly professionalized art in the United States, there are two schools of thought about Republican candidates. In the West they say, "You cannot beat a Democratic somebody with a Republican nobody". In the East the party leaders have hitherto been much more confident that in the course of nature even a Republican nobody could be elected President. Among their rules was one that, in comparison with a successful Democratic candidate, a successful Republican candidate need not be as much of a "somebody". The source of this comfortable feeling was the long reign of the Republican Party.

Republican rule has hitherto been due to the superior strength of the Republican alliance to the Democratic alliance (for alliance is a much better word than party in American politics). In the Democratic alliance, as we have seen, the only firm partner is the South, the other partners being the periodically dissatisfied; the Republicans, on the contrary, have a long tradition of partnership between the agrarian West and the industrial East. The problem of this election is whether the normally Republican West, which went Democratic in 1932, will stay with Mr. Roosevelt. In normal times the prospect that the West would return to the Republican fold would be excellent; but conditions have changed so profoundly that the Republicans themselves have lost their former confidence that the old rules are equivalent to the laws of the Medes and Persians.

As with every alliance, the two partners in the Republican party have in past years solidified their partnership by the exchange of favours. The West wanted access to the land. This was insured in the Federal Homestead Acts, under which the unoccupied public lands were opened to settlement by *bona fide* settlers. They wanted and obtained internal improvements, such as road and canal building, out of the Federal Treasury. In return they acquiesced in protective tariffs for the industrial East. Nothing else explains the long ascendancy of the Republican party since Lincoln. Nothing else explains why the



West did not follow the South in revolting (for the Civil War was fundamentally a tariff issue) against the commitment of the entire country to high protectionism. After the World War, however, the bargain became essentially one-sided. The occupation of the last frontier had robbed the Homestead Acts of significance. During the depression the disillusionment of the West came tumultuously to a head. Even those farmers, and there were millions of them, who had come to believe that the tariff in itself helped them, saw the situation in a new light. Far from dispersing the depression, as was promised by eastern and western Republicans alike, the Hawley-Smoot tariff of 1930 stood revealed as a gigantic subsidy to the industrial East. Likewise industrial monopoly was unmasked as a "hand-out". Who paid the piper? the farmers asked, and answered their own question, with bitter resentment: The farmers.

Mr. Hoover is privately said to be of the opinion that the cardinal mistake made by the Republican Administration was that in 1930 it did not "do something" for the farmers at the time that it was doing so much for the industrial east. All that the farmers received was a series of promises. It is to the Democratic party, not their own, that they owe the "equalization" of favours, mainly from the A.A.A. No less than 90 per cent. of the bounties to the farmers went to the Middle-West and the South. In the South they represented more or less a subsidy to landlords, but in the West the actual tillers of the soil got the money. Moreover, either through other New Deal agencies or natural recovery, the ratio of prices that the farmer receives to the prices that he pays has improved in the farmer's favour by almost 35 per cent. The farmers, in short, are on the way to price "equality"—a word that is now a constant refrain in the West.

In the 1932 election the farmers voted against Mr. Hoover rather than for Mr. Roosevelt. Is it any wonder that many of them are now *for* Mr. Roosevelt? Six months ago, when the anti-Roosevelt reaction was at its height, I stopped at a farmhouse on the roadside. In the course of conversation I complimented the farmer on the appearance of his pigs. "Yes", he replied, "but they weren't worth raising before Mr. Roosevelt became President. Thanks to him I can now get a decent price

for them". Mr. Roosevelt is thus regarded as the farmer's friend, and will be given credit even for "natural" recovery, because he has assumed the responsibility for bringing about the long-sought "equality". By the East this tenderness for the agrarian is held to be more than equalitarian. *Agricola ad astra*—the farmer's on top—is one of the waggish though lugubrious descriptions of the Roosevelt administration to be heard in Eastern clubs.

Republican chieftains are taking this change into serious account as they approach the party convention. It seems to be axiomatic among them that their standard bearer must come from a state west of the Mississippi. They must have a friend of the farmer to detach the farmers from their new allegiance to the farmer's friend. This accounts for the pre-convention boom for Governor Landon of Kansas. "He comes from the right part of the country", is the pithy way that Governor Merriam of California explains this adherence. As the party prepares to assemble its quadrennial parliament, Landon is so far in the lead of the Republican forces that, in William Allen White's picturesque language, he risks "getting a load of buckshot in his pants". A voting strength of 501 is required to win the nomination. The Landon managers are confident that on the first ballot at Cleveland, 318 votes will be cast for the Kansas Governor. The preliminary ballot in a party convention is always marked by the liquidation of complimentary votes for "favourite sons". In the second ballot, the choice begins to be narrowed down. The Landon forces predict that another 228 votes will switch to him on the second ballot, or 45 more than is necessary. Less partisan observers are not so certain, but they give Landon the nomination on the fourth ballot, with what is called in American political parlance a "band-wagon rush".

And yet the man Landon is something of an enigma. Though the rally to him is due fundamentally to the hope that he may charm the farm vote away from Mr. Roosevelt, nevertheless he has no agrarian affiliations, other than the fact that he is governor of the country's premier wheat state. Before he went into politics he was an independent oil producer. He is not even a Westerner by birth, having been born in Pennsylvania,



migrating west with his father during an oil boom. His "availability" over other Western candidates comes from his success in winning the governorship during the Roosevelt landslides in 1932 and 1934. As governor he has been given a widely circulated fame for administrative economy.

This is his strong point with the Republican East in the drive against the spending Roosevelt. It accounts for the unsought and dubiously-regarded gift of William Randolph Hearst's support. To Federal subsidies, however, Mr. Landon undoubtedly owes much credit for this economy record, which was achieved, moreover, at the expense of closing many Kansas schools. In the larger field of affairs, he followed Theodore Roosevelt in the Progressive split from the Republican party in 1912, a testimony to his progressivism. But that was a generation ago when Landon was a young man. Now, according to the Oklahoma Republicans, explaining their preference for Landon, "he has his feet on the ground", whatever that means. Perhaps the tribute may be interpreted as a reaction against Roosevelt levitation! Finally, Landon's appeal is personal, not public. In contrast to Roosevelt's warm voice, Landon's is flat and rasping; his speeches are as colourless as Mr. Roosevelt's are challenging and crusading, and as matter-of-fact as a bank chairman's.

Those speeches, however, have a certain Western ring about them. Landon speaks in authentic Western accents when he refers to "the great industrial plutocracy". It is these occasional references that still leave some dubiety in the attitude of the old guard Republican leaders of the East. So far they have done nothing to "stop Landon". But, even though they know that the candidate this year must be a Westerner, they are equally non-committal as to the choice. With an eye on the East, Landon tempers his Westernized criticism of "industrial plutocracy" with Easternized animadversions on extravagance and government bureaucracy. His recipe for the reformation of the old Republican alliance is: "The road our people wish to follow avoids the bondage of bureaucracy on the one hand and on the other avoids the tyranny of monopoly and economic dictatorship".

The danger to Landon's nomination may be greater from

Western Leftism in the Republican party than from Eastern die-hardism. Senator Borah is the champion of the Republican Leftists, and is said to be anti-Landon. To him, a more authentic Westerner than Landon, there can be no compromise with Eastern plutocracy, which he more harshly stigmatizes as "thuggery". Some observers, such as Frank R. Kent, of the *Baltimore Sun*, think that Senator Borah, as a lone lion, might end up his campaign for the nomination by making himself ridiculous. This estimate, it seems to me, underrates two factors: Borah himself and the Leftism of the Western agrarians. That neither can be slighted is being demonstrated in the preliminary bouts for the choice of Republican delegates to the convention, the so-called primary elections. Borah, who is the best campaigner in the United States, is making such a good showing, even without an organization, that Landon now seems more concerned to make a "deal" with Borah than with the old guard politicians.

The doughty and probably irreconcilable Borah, who was in the Senate when Landon was a boy of nineteen, and has already passed the Biblical span of life, may seem to be more akin to Mr. Roosevelt himself than to any of his rival Republicans. He is indeed a queer fish in Eastern Republican company. But so are most Western Republicans, even Landon himself. At the same time he is just as much apart from Mr. Roosevelt. What separates them fundamentally is that, while Mr. Roosevelt would shackle the industrial "brigands" to Federal control, Senator Borah would enforce competition by a rigid application of the anti-trust laws. He is much more Jeffersonian than the neo-Democrats who have followed Mr. Roosevelt into pro-Big Government.

One has a sneaking suspicion that, in spite of his vigorous campaigning, Borah is more interested in President-making and platform-making than in his own candidature. Perhaps he might have been nominated years ago. At any rate, he has always preferred his seat in the Senate. "I have no desire to sit mute and be a figurehead", he once wrote. "In fact, I would die of nervous prostration". What seems to have inspired his candidature is only in part his desire to prevent the Republican party from falling into the hands of the old guard. The man



who did more to elect Hoover in 1928 than any other man is determined to thwart the President-making ambition of the titular head of the Republican party, Herbert Hoover. The Borah-Hoover feud is even more notable than the Roosevelt-Smith feud. Unlike the Democratic schism, it is perhaps more political than personal, since Borah puts Hoover in the outer darkness of old guardism. At Cleveland the vendetta may add to the convention fireworks. For, as the Landon overtures make clear, the Borah forces are destined to fight to the last ditch for a Westernized platform, if not for the Idahoan himself. It is not impossible, however, that the two putative Warwicks may unite in support of Vandenberg.

So the long anticipatory din of the presidential elections is increasing in volume as the party conventions draw near. Never before has an election begun so early. The actual balloting will not take place till next November. As I write these lines, Mark Sullivan, the most experienced commentator among the Republican writers, says, "About three months ago judgment that Mr. Roosevelt would be defeated was as common as is the present judgment that he is likely to win". Mr. Sullivan's view coincides with my own experience. It may be that, in a scene which has been marked by so many bewildering shifts, another three months may change the picture as dramatically as the picture three months ago has been changed. All that one can say is that at present Mr. Roosevelt seems to have reasserted his supremacy.

The change is certainly due in great part to the improvement in the economic and social situation. Industrial production has risen 60 per cent. since Mr. Roosevelt became President. Even though recovery may not be soundly based, as many Americans allege, the fact and not the manner is what counts primarily with the independent electorate, as every candidate who can exult instead of explain will testify. American recovery, it is also true, is marred by the fact that one in five of the population is on public relief. But Mr. Roosevelt's chances of re-election are enhanced rather than retarded by the army of wards for which his administration has assumed the responsibility. "Maine can't be bought", is a slogan which the Republicans are trying to make popular in the state which will cast the first vote. Behind the banner, however, one sees almost the entire state beseeching

the President to press for an appropriation which Congress has rejected—an appropriation to continue work on an uneconomic hydro-electric project for harnessing the Maine tides. McKinley, when he was re-elected President in 1900, remarked, “I have observed that majorities rise with prosperity”. In 1934, during the Congressional elections, he would have added—“and relief”.



## HISTORY ON THE FILM

BY PROFESSOR F. J. C. HEARNshaw

THAT rustic philosopher, Reuben Dewy, in Thomas Hardy's delightful novel *Under the Greenwood Tree*, once uttered a remark to the effect that if history were moral there would be no need for anyone to concoct fiction. "All true stories", said he, "have a coarseness or a bad moral, depend upon't. If the story-tellers could ha' got decency and good morals from true stories, who'd ha' troubled to invent parables?" "L'histoire, comme la nature", says M. Emile de Laveleye, "est souverainement immorale"; while a writer in *The New Statesman* described it as "a branch of indecent literature".

And, if it be true that history is immoral, equally true is it that it is undramatic. One might, indeed, follow the lead of Reuben Dewy and say that if history were dramatic there would be no need for anyone to invent plots, construct scenery, or fabricate conversations. But, in fact, "the mills of God grind slowly", so slowly indeed that if a spectator had to sit in a theatre to watch them at work he would be bored to desperation before they had fairly begun their pulverizing process. Moreover, being apparently non-moral, they do not always pulverize the right persons, or turn out an edifying product. And, finally, being very imperfect in their mechanism, they sometimes seem to pulverize nothing at all, but to continue grinding in mere futility. Hence dramatists in days of old and film-producers in these modern times have been compelled, in the interests of their craft, to treat the facts of history with considerable freedom, sometimes altering them almost beyond recognition. It is a nice and difficult problem to determine how far this modification is permissible, and to fix the limits within which it is allowable to tamper with truth.

At once the question will be asked: What is truth in history? and to that crucial question no easy answer can be given. For,

as Benedetto Croce points out, we know nothing at all of most of the events of the past, and concerning those whose memory has survived we know very little indeed. "Who can really say", he asks, "what motives determined a Danton or a Robespierre, a Napoleon or an Alexander of Russia? And how numerous are the obscurities and the lacunæ that relate to the acts themselves—that is to say, to their externalization! Mountains of books have been written upon the days of September, upon the eighteenth of Brumaire, upon the burning of Moscow; but who can tell how these things really happened? Even those who were direct witnesses are not able to say, for they have handed down to us diverse and conflicting narratives".

It is, indeed, this conflict of evidence that above everything else strikes a chill to the heart of the historian when he seeks to discover fact. Examples of such conflict crowd upon the mind; but to mention only a few of them would carry us too far from our proper theme. It must suffice to give one instance from very recent history. In August, 1920, Messrs. Kamenev and Krassin, representing Soviet Russia, were present in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery to hear Mr. Lloyd George, at that time Prime Minister, speak on Poland. The following are the observations of the four evening papers of the day:—

(1) "In conversation they seem to betray only a limited acquaintance with English, but every word of Mr. Lloyd George's utterance seemed intelligible to them. Not only did they follow him with eager interest, but often with animated comment."—*Evening Standard*.

(2) "The two did not exchange a single remark during the whole of the Premier's speech."—*Evening News*.

(3) "Krassin could follow every word of Lloyd George. His colleague doesn't speak or understand English, so Krassin every few minutes leaned over and whispered a translation into the other's ear."—*Star*.

(4) "The Soviet envoys, especially M. Krassin, seemed somewhat restless, and appeared to take more interest in the scene than in the speech, but this I heard attributed to their difficulty in following the words of the Prime Minister."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

On the basis of the evidence of these four eye-witnesses who would venture to say what did actually occur? Indeed, it is not, I think, too much to assert generally that no historian can ever hope to display the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth respecting any event whatsoever. The utmost



that he can expect to do as the result of his most devoted labour is to eliminate the grosser errors.

The sort of error which the scientific historian is most concerned to eliminate is error in the matter of causation. His special task is to discover the true sequence of events ; to find out what causes led to what results ; and in particular to explain the complicated present by reference to the past which has produced it. Hence he has to pay minute attention to details of time, and place, and circumstance. A matter of a few moments or a few miles will often make all the difference in his conclusions.

The dramatist and the film-producer, on the other hand, are not troubled about these minutiae. Their business, rather, is with plot and personality. They must tell a story which reveals character, and produce a picture which both excites interest and carries conviction. The fact that they are compelled to tell their story and produce their picture within the limits of an hour or two makes it inevitable that they should compress the processes of history, and should represent events as taking place in rapid succession and in near propinquity which in reality occurred at wholly separated periods and in remotely sundered localities.

As to the drama, it may perhaps be sufficient for our present purpose to take Shakespeare as the supreme master among historical playwrights, and to ask what, so far as we can judge, were the principles that guided him in his treatment of historical themes.

In *Julius Cæsar* actions spread over three years are condensed within the limits of five spectacular days ; in *Antony and Cleopatra* events scattered over twelve years are compressed into two weeks. Again, whereas Cæsar was actually murdered in the Curia Pompeiana, Shakespeare transfers the tragic event to the Capitol. And, in *Richard III*, with even more liberal licence, Margaret of Anjou is brought upon the scene, although at the date in question she had been for several months in (let us hope) Paradise.

This ruthless summoning of a lady from the other world is paralleled on a lower plane by the alteration, tacit or explicit, of the ages of prominent actors, so as to make their language more appropriate to the circumstances represented. Thus no

one is allowed to suspect that at the date of the passionate love-passages between Antony and Cleopatra the gentleman had reached the sober age of 50, and the lady was only ten years younger. In *Richard II* the mature wisdom of Queen Isabella would have appeared abnormal if it had been revealed that, although a widow, she had not attained the age of twelve.

If, then, it be admitted that Shakespeare knew his business, it must, I think, also be conceded that the dramatist in his pursuance of his supreme purpose, namely, the delineation of character and the portrayal of destiny in its making, is justified in wide departure from the detail of history as it is discovered by research.

The producer of the modern film has one advantage over the dramatist and his stage manager ; he can change his scene more easily, and he can present far vaster and more varied backgrounds than are possible in a theatre. Instead of " stage armies " of a dozen specimen soldiers, he can show authentic multitudes, e.g., the ten thousand in *Ben Hur* ; and in place of the few square yards behind the footlights, he can display the great expanses of the prairie or the ocean. But, if he can play with larger spaces, he, on the other hand, is more limited in respect of time. He can rarely claim more than a single hour in which to set forth a process of events that occupied in their actual transition many years, or even a lifetime. Hence, even more than the playwright, he is compelled to condense, to combine, to fore-shorten, to select.

Another thing also has to be borne in mind. A drama is a work of literature as well as a spectacle. The playwright is able to contemplate a body of students who may read his work, as well as a multitude of spectators who will (if he is lucky) behold it on the stage. The film-producer, on the other hand, has only his myriads of spectators to consider. He must make history readily and rapidly intelligible ; he must avoid subtleties ; he must simplify action ; he must display obvious and even crude motive ; he must quicken slow-motion ; he must even (as in *Tudor Rose*) add passion, and especially the love-interest, where archives and state-papers give no hint of its presence.

For the production of films is an enormously expensive business. No historical film, worthy of the name, could, I suppose,



be produced for less than £20,000. Some of the larger ones such as *Ben Hur* and *The Birth of a Nation* are reputed to have cost no less than £2,000,000. To recoup this prodigious expenditure it is imperative that—history or no history—the films should have a human interest great enough to attract the vast public needed to yield a profitable return. All that can be asked of the film-producer is that he will not needlessly violate historic truth ; that he will not deliberately falsify fact ; that he will not go beyond the limits set by Shakespeare for the making of history more dramatic than it actually was.

A certain number of historical films have been expressly made for educational purposes. It is, perhaps, sufficient to say of these that they are all non-inflammable. They are not, indeed, very exciting, and not particularly edifying. They would make little or no appeal to a general audience. A detailed description of them, with a discussion of their service in education, is presented in a valuable report prepared by Dr. Frances Consitt for the Historical Association (1931 : Bell and Sons). Two of them, namely, *People of the Axe* and *People of the Lake* treat of the pre-historic period. They are highly imaginative, doubtfully accurate, and too colourful. They also make the bewildering mistake of introducing a present-day boy scout whose incongruous presence completely destroys the verisimilitude of the scenes depicted. A third film, on *Roman Britain*, is also questionable in the matter of accuracy. It is, further, demonstrably misleading in that it lays excessive stress on war at the expense of the *Pax Romana*, while it fails to make any distinction between the undeveloped north-west of Britain and the highly-civilized south-east.

A film on *Wolfe and Montcalm*, which comes from America, is far better. Prepared at Quebec it gives a splendid picture of the scene of Wolfe's great victory and it represents vividly and effectively the course of the conflict. It necessarily, however, fails to convey an adequate impression of the ghastly carnage of a hard-fought eighteenth century battle. Another film, entitled *Naval Warfare 1782-1805*, is made up of a boring, and ultimately bewildering, succession of maps and diagrams, interspersed with pictures of model ships. It is neither interesting nor useful. A final film, *The World War and After*

is a propagandist production of the League of Nations Union

Historical films prepared in the ordinary course of business for presentation to general audiences have vastly improved since the early days of production. Some of the primitive ones were incredibly careless in the matter of anachronism. For example, in the film entitled *Curfew shall not Ring Tonight*, what was intended to represent England after the Norman Conquest, at a critical moment in the performance one of the actors draws out a match, strikes it, and lights his pipe ! When one remembers that the introduction of tobacco into England is attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618), and that the first lucifer matches were invented by Chancel in 1805, one realizes the magnitude of the gulf that separates the smoker of 1066 from possibility. Some eight years ago the Americans produced a film supposed to represent England at the close of the Stuart period (1685-1714). Both King James II and Queen Anne appear. It is perhaps a small thing that James should be shown as possessing a court jester, a purely mediæval official ; but it is quite another matter when he is depicted as, without any form of trial, consigning a nobleman whom he does not like to the " Iron Lady ", a contrivance which, externally of human form, is internally studded with knives that inflict speedy and agonising death upon those on whom they close. Queen Anne, too, that mild benefactor of High Anglican clergy, is represented as arbitrarily sending her enemies to the torture-chamber. This is really too gross an aberration. Another film of about the same date, this time of German origin, professes to tell the story of the *Indian Mutiny*. The weapons depicted are of all ages. Two British officers fight a duel with pistols of George II's time ; they are interrupted by a third person armed with a Browning automatic ! The heroine menaced with death by the mutineers, is conveyed to safety in a motor car, and so on. The more recent film *Clive of India* is much more careful to keep to the possibilities of the case ; but even in that fine production the language used by privates to officers is such as would be inconceivable in actual life.

Some of the finest and most effective historical films of modern times are those in which Mr. George Arliss has played the leading part. He is a superb actor in roles that require the presentation of a masterful, belligerent, and triumphant person-



ality, such as Richelieu, Rothschild, Disraeli, or Wellington. It is not his fault if he fails to look like Wellington. In the main the films in which he appears keep as closely as Shakespeare would have considered necessary to historical fact. In the Rothschild film, for instance, there are numerous concentrations of times, alterations of places, and transformations of circumstances, all made necessary, or at any rate desirable, by dramatic propriety. For example, the peerage conferred in the film on the founder of the great banking house was in reality conferred on his grandson. It would be pedantic to boggle at such modest licences. In the Disraeli film, however, the deviations from fact are more serious. It is, I think, quite indefensible to represent Lady Beaconsfield as playing an important part in the Suez Canal negotiations of 1875, when she had actually died in 1871. Yet even here, of course, the producers could claim that they were doing no more with Mary Anne than Shakespeare had done with Margaret of Anjou who, having died in 1482, appeared active in *Richard III* in 1483. As to the Suez Canal business itself, however, the whole story as told in the film is a travesty of fact too remote from truth to be tolerable.

Of very recent historical films *Rhodes of Africa* is an extremely fine production whose slight modifications of historic fact, e.g., the representation of Rhodes' personal dealings with Lobengula and Kruger, can be easily defended on Shakespearian lines. Similarly, *Tudor Rose*, representing the tragedy of Lady Jane Grey, keeps very close to the records on which it is based. The producers, have, however, added a love-plot; but, if it lacks evidence, it does not violate probability. It may be passed as permissible.

Without doubt the film, like the drama, can be made to play a great part in familiarizing the public with the outstanding events of history and with the achievements of notable men. It is earnestly to be hoped that those who undertake the responsible and difficult task of preparing and producing these films will see to it that they keep as near to ascertainable fact as is dramatically possible, and above all that they do not falsify or degrade the characters that they present.

## NATIVE CITIZENSHIP IN AFRICA

BY B. K. LONG

**W**HEN the white population of a country in the British Commonwealth is outnumbered some five to one by the native population, what is it to do about giving the natives a share in government? Are the natives to have votes? Are they to be registered in the same constituencies as the whites? Are the conditions for registration as electors to be the same for the natives as for the whites? Are black women as well as white women to have votes? Are natives to be eligible for election to Parliament?

South Africa, in the last few weeks, has answered these questions by passing the Native Representation Bill, to which the Governor-General has just assented in the King's name. The natives are to have the vote; but they are not to vote in the same constituencies as white voters. They are to be registered on their own electoral roll and are to send three (white) representatives to be members of the Lower House of the Union Parliament, which will then have more than 150 members. Native women are not to vote, though white women vote on a womanhood suffrage.

In addition, the natives are to elect a Native Representative Council, which will also contain a small official white nominated element. This Council is to be in session at the same time as the Union Parliament. Bills which affect the natives are to be referred to the Council for report from the native point of view before they are passed by the Union Parliament. Natives will be eligible for election to the Council. Its functions will be advisory and deliberative, not legislative or executive.

The Native Representation Act is the deliberate verdict of white South Africa on the native vote. It was passed in joint session by an enormous majority of the two Houses of the Union Parliament. In the tiny minority which voted against it was



Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr, Minister of Education in the Union Cabinet. He was against the Bill because it reversed the traditional policy of the Cape Province, which, before Union, was the self-governing Cape Colony. In Cape Colony the vote was given to the natives in 1853. Ever since, a native in the Cape has been entitled, if he has had the qualifications, to be placed on the voters' roll side by side with the white voters, and to vote at Parliamentary elections in the same constituency with them.

This right of a franchise unaffected by race distinction the Native Representation Act has taken away from the Cape native. In the other three Provinces of the Union, the natives have had no vote at all. The Native Representation Act has altered the character of the vote for the native in the Cape and has conferred on the natives in the other three Provinces a franchise right which they did previously not have. The Cape native franchise has been altered and limited before. Since Union, a Cape native has not been eligible for election to the Union Parliament. Before Union, he could be elected to the Cape Parliament, though in practice no native ever did get into Parliament in the Cape. When white women were given the vote in 1931, the numerical value of the native vote in the Cape was diminished automatically by the addition of white women to the register in each constituency.

Mr. Hofmeyr refused to be a party to the reversal of the Cape policy of giving a vote to the male natives on the same terms and in the same constituencies as to white males and females. His vote against the Native Representation Act was extremely courageous, though the bill was not a party question. It has certainly jeopardised his political future, for feeling about the native vote in South Africa is very strong.

It is strong for a number of reasons. They should be understood before those who are not South Africans take it upon themselves to pass judgment on white South Africa's action. This, by the way, is not a racial matter as between white South Africans descended from Dutch ancestors and those who are British by birth or heredity. It is a racial matter in another way. The Native Representation Act is admittedly inspired by the fear of the white man that, if equality of franchise is permitted to the natives, the time will come when they will have a majority

in the constituencies. Whereupon farewell to white rule. Farewell, also, the alarmists believe, to rigid social separation between white and black. Enter the era of mixed marriages, coffee-coloured offspring, and, to judge by other examples of white and black blood mixture, degeneration.

The white man in South Africa is a minority, a small minority. Neither his natural increase nor any visible possibility of recruiting his numbers by immigration gives him any hope of turning his minority into a majority. Though earlier ideas about the enormous natural rate of increase of the native population have been modified by recent statistics, the native certainly does increase naturally faster than the white race.

The white South African, too, is almost isolated in a black continent. There are small white settlements in the two Rhodesias to the north, in the British possessions in other parts of Africa, and in the French, Belgian and Portuguese colonies. But everywhere the vast mass of black outnumbers hugely in Africa the white element, except in South Africa, where the white race has a chance of maintaining the not overwhelming proportion of about one to five, where the climate is tolerant of white existence, and where white institutions are firmly established. The white man and woman in South Africa genuinely believes that the only real hope for the African native, not only in South Africa itself but through the immense remainder of the continent, is in the maintenance of white rule, with its ideals of justice and impartiality, its power of adaptation to local circumstances. In the Union, there is a deep-rooted scepticism about the capacity of the black man to govern himself, a firm conviction that, if ever the white man is compelled to loosen his hold on Africa, chaos will supervene immediately. This scepticism and this conviction may be utterly unjustified. But they exist; and the Native Representation Act is the legal shape in which white South Africa has formulated them.

If a white South African is told that he should not presume to believe that the African native can never be capable of governing himself in his own country, or to dictate to the vast black mass of Africa a future perpetually under white tutelage, the reply is simple. It is that South Africa is white man's country, that he is a white man and has no other home, that he is bound to think



of the future of his children and of their children and grandchildren, and that a prospect of a democracy in which white would be out-voted by and under the thumb of black is a prospect so intolerable that anything and everything is legitimate which will avert it.

The Cape had given the vote to the black man, to every black man who could show, by satisfying the qualifications, that he was fit to have it. The gift made no distinction between black and white. The men of the Cape who did this for the natives in 1853 were convinced that there was a magic in the vote so potent that it must turn everyone who had it, whatever the colour of his skin, into a worthy, intelligent, public-spirited citizen. What, asks white South Africa, has become now of that ingenuous faith in the magic of the franchise? Does anyone still hold to it, in Great Britain or anywhere else? How has it fared in Russia, in Germany, in Italy? What justification can there be nowadays for continuing to tolerate a franchise scheme which, in the end, must inevitably put the whole machinery of the country into black hands? Let the native still have his vote then, but draw its teeth while there is time. That is what the Native Representation Act has done, with the assent, by the way, of such men as General Smuts and Mr. Patrick Duncan, neither of whom can sensibly be stigmatised as narrow-minded, or timorous, selfish or short-sighted in public affairs.

And what, after all, has been the good of the vote to the native in the Cape, where he has had it? This question has been one of the strongest arguments for the Native Representation Act. It has been used, with evident sincerity, not only by General Smuts and Mr. Duncan, but by General Hertzog, the Prime Minister, who is the chief author of the Act. The question is not easy to answer. The vote has not done much for the native in the Cape, that is the flat truth. His representatives in Parliament have not been able to prevent a number of discriminatory measures against him, during the twenty-five years since Union. He has been excluded from skilled labour. The right to own land has been denied him, outside inadequate reserved areas. His pay, except in the close preserve of domestic labour, is small—dreadfully small in contrast to the opulent remuneration of the white skilled worker. Far from having

any undue weight in Parliament because he has had a vote, the native in the Cape, as much as the native in the other Provinces where he has had no vote, has been consistently ignored and neglected by the legislature, except when actually discriminatory laws have been passed to bear hardly on him.

According to General Hertzog, there is an intelligible reason for this. During the debate in the Joint Sitting of the two Houses which passed the Native Representation Act, he admitted that the natives had not had a fair deal from Parliament since Union. The reason, he declared, was that the white man had been terrified of what the native vote, in its Cape form, might lead to ultimately, and had not cared to do justice to the native in other ways. Get rid of the native vote on Cape lines, General Hertzog argued, free the mind of white South Africa from the bogey of ultimate black domination through the polling booth, and the native would have justice from Parliament for the first time since Union. At this distance, the argument may seem a piece of rather ignoble special pleading; but those who are familiar with South Africa in these days would hesitate to think so. There is a substantial element of truth in it; and a South African like General Hertzog would not be in the least likely to feel that it involves a sadly damaging admission about the mentality of his people and their Parliament.

But this line of reasoning in support of the Native Representation Act has not cut much ice with the leaders of the natives. The Government made great efforts to induce them to agree to the abolition of the native vote on Cape lines. They refused; and, so far as native opinion in South Africa is articulate at all, their refusal has been backed up by it. A meeting of Zulus in Natal did show some doubt about the value of the vote; but the Zulus are a tribe set apart among the natives of South Africa. It would not be amiss to describe them as the Nazis of the South African black tribes. They are aristocrats. They have a virile fighting tradition. Discipline was ironed into them, only a few generations back, by a succession of ferocious despot-chiefs. The modern native leader, with his European education and his platform gift, they despise.

The natives of South Africa are far from homogeneous. Even there, where white men and women are in daily contact with



natives, knowledge of native habits of thought, of native religious beliefs, customs and traditions, of differences between native tribes, is very limited. Even there—how much more in Great Britain!—loose thinking is apt to lump all natives together and to assume that what will do for one native, or group or tribe of natives, will do for all. No delusion could be more mischievous.

The South African native is above all things an individual, though his land-owning is communal and his sense of corporate life is far stronger than that of the average white citizen. He has strongly marked race characteristics. He is no degenerate. Physically, he is often, even usually, a fine man or woman. He combines, on the whole, and in some tribes much more than in others, an acute care for his personal cleanliness with a surprising tolerance of filth in his dwelling-room. He will, especially if he is a Zulu or a Basuto, be as particular about his daily bath as any English Public School boy. But his room is quite likely to be crawling with bugs, possibly imported by his friends, unless the white housewife whom he serves is scrupulous about its condition and has, if necessary, a fumigator to de-vermin it at regular intervals. He is intelligent to a high degree, almost always along narrowly limited lines. He imitates faithfully and learns physical acts or routines with astonishing ease and speed. He is cheerful in almost all circumstances. His laugh is a delightful thing to hear. But few natives can reason out a complicated subject with any power of marshalling thought; and even the most highly educated native in South Africa is apt, in the middle of a serious talk, to burst into sudden inexplicable merriment, for no ascertainable reason. This may be nothing but inferiority complex, or it may be that a native, with his acute sense of the ridiculous, is liable to be seized by a spasm of amusement at some trick of gesture or facial expression in the white man to whom he is talking. Whatever it is, it is very disconcerting and is apt to leave an impression of childish irresponsibility.

The South African Native who is educated and leads a civilized life is the product of a racial progress, in three or four generations, which has taken the white man hundreds of years to achieve. It would be strange if there were not gaps in his mental equipment. In the circumstances, controversy about the capacity of the

native to reach, in bulk, a high intellectual standard is beside the point. Decades, if not centuries, must pass before there can be any certainty on that point, though the attainments of a small minority, who have either had exceptional opportunities through their circumstances, or have made their own opportunities by an uncommon personal endowment of brains and resolution, suggest that a race which can produce such individuals, under such handicaps, has almost unlimited potentialities in the mass. (One of the native leaders in the Transvaal groomed horses for a British cavalry regiment in the Anglo-Boer war. He is entirely self-educated, has triumphed without special advantages over the most adverse circumstances, speaks admirable English, is exceptionally able intellectually, behaves with the natural grace of an aristocrat and is a most charming and stimulating companion.) Needless to say, educated natives of this type are immune from the defects, as to the cleanliness of their personal surroundings, of their less advanced compatriots.

These millions of natives, in every stage of development, are the manual labourers of South Africa. White labour is almost wholly an aristocracy of skilled supervisors. With their small pay, natives are often near starvation. In the cities and towns they live in close contact with the poorer class of white. Liquor, which they are supposed not to be able to get, makes havoc among them, especially as the sale of illicit liquor is a profitable trade, in the hands of unscrupulous whites for the most part; and the liquor thus illegally sold to natives is almost certain to be villainously bad. Disease, especially venereal disease, is rife in the country kraals of the least advanced natives as much as in the cities and towns. Native methods of agriculture are communal and primitive. They exhaust the land and require, to maintain the numbers which the land is expected to maintain, frequent moves of the cultivators. But the natives have not enough land and cannot move. Whenever any Government since Union has tried to pass a measure through Parliament adding to the amount of land reserved for natives, white land-owners either on the spot or in the neighbourhood have resisted fiercely, and invariably with success.

The Government now propose, as an annex to the Native Representation Act, to pass through Parliament this session



a Native Trust and Land Bill. If this becomes law the sum of £10,000,000 will be spent in increasing the land reserved for native ownership from the present 20,000,000 acres to 34,000,000 acres. That will be something ; but even the promise of such an addition to native reserves of land has not induced the leaders of the black population to agree to the Native Representation Act. They are firm in the belief that the vote, on Cape lines, without discrimination based on colour, is all-important to the native people. But white South Africa is as firm in its determination not to let them have the vote on those terms.

The reason why the native leaders attach so much importance to a franchise without colour discrimination is that it is a symbol of their status as free citizens of South Africa. The vote on a separate, non-European, register is to them a stigma, an intimation to their people and to the world at large that white South Africa thinks them inferior and is prepared to grant them only an inferior status in the community. That, too, is why South Africans like Mr. Hofmeyr and Sir James Rose-Innes, the veteran and greatly respected ex-Chief Justice, have been resisting the Native Representation Act so passionately. They maintain that the attempt to brand the native as of a lower order in the South African State is evil in itself and doomed to failure ; that it leads to degeneration among the lower class of whites, which is unquestionable ; and that it must involve South Africa ultimately in grave trouble with black Africa beyond the frontiers of the Union. They warn their white countrymen, as the Archbishop of Canterbury warned Great Britain in the House of Lords the other day, when he was speaking about Abyssinia, that the black peoples of Africa are no longer utterly isolated from each other, and that what affects them in one part of Africa is speedily known all through the Continent, its meaning discussed, its effects resented.

With all this in mind, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the Native Representation Act is an unwise, short-sighted measure, which white South Africa will regret bitterly in years to come. At the moment—white opinion being what it is—the Act may seem inevitable, may even seem to embody a compromise considerably more favourable to the natives than most politicians thought possible a few months back. At the

moment, white South Africa may justify it by saying that the native vote in the Cape has been a mockery, with native voters practically up for sale in each constituency to the candidate who was unscrupulous enough to bid for them; which is the melancholy truth.

But it is the truth, too, that the Native Representation Act is nothing more than an expedient of desperation. It tries to put off an evil day. It has no constructive statesmanship in any line of it. And South Africa needs above all things the utmost possible wisdom of constructive statesmanship if the future relations of white and black are to take a shape which will make in the future a contented and peaceable community. A share in South African citizenship will have to be given to the native—a worthy share, not merely the lot of an unskilled, under-paid, down-trodden worker with the hands. Room will have to be found for the native who has the capacity to raise himself from the ruck, as a few have raised themselves already and many more will in the future. Under the Native Representation Act, the lot of the educated native is pathetic. He has no outlet. He is confronted on all sides by a blank wall of white dislike, of exclusion from every activity for which his education has fitted him, of racially-subsidised competition. The Native Representation Act is white South Africa's attempt to sit firmly on the cover of the powder-magazine.



## SERVICE IN THE MODERN STATE

BY H. C. O'NEILL

IT is a strange comment on the value which the modern man places on the amenity he enjoys in this country that he has to be driven by the spur of imminent starvation to its last and most responsible service. For some reason service in the Army has always been taken to represent failure and disgrace. The sentimental novelist who wished to suggest the last depth of desperation and degradation always found her best friend in the "Queen's shilling". It was a noble standby. Young irresponsibility having exhausted his supply of wild oats, *buried* himself in the Army. In conscript countries no stigma of the sort attaches to the Army any more than it does to the Navy or the Air Force. Conscription is a great leveller, and it has the supreme merit that it is a constant reminder of the debt to the State. It is as effective in democratic countries as in the homes of the dictators. It is no more necessarily militaristic than voluntary recruiting. Not a few social students maintain that it is distinctly less. Jaurès was no militarist, yet he preferred conscription. Many who from an examination of the plight of the hospitals insist that the voluntary principle has broken down and urge their support by a compulsory levy on rates or taxes fail completely to see a parallel in the matter of recruiting.

For sufficient reasons compulsion is not a method which appeals to English mentality. In no country in the world is there so much criticism, public agitation and surface disorder with so much real order. The French put up with an amount of interference with the essentials of their lives that they would not think of tolerating if applied to a taxicab in the street. They drive like devils, but they serve like angels. They accept conscription without murmur; it would be intolerable here.

But once this be admitted, it follows that there is a joint and

several duty to provide the quota which the Government of the day demands. The individual and the collective conscience accept the conclusion, but shy at its implications. The "brutal and licentious" soldiery, the ready instrument of Imperialism, still dominates the imagination. Instead of being regarded with gratitude as delivering the rest of the nation, by their courage, discipline and restraint, from burdens which are irksome and to many intolerable, they have still to bear the suspicions which attached to the Armed Forces when England was building her Empire. For some reason the suspicion of Imperialism appears to attach to any and every Government. It is one of the many evidences of time-lag in the national reaction to change. For there cannot be the slightest reason to doubt that the country is more pacific at heart, more anti-militarist than ever in its history. The Peace Ballot gave an impressive suggestion of the extent of the conviction; but only a suggestion, since it is certain that the organization of the ballot roused some suspicion in the great inarticulate mass of the people. Peace, it has been said, has become "the deep-seated political religion of the British people". This, of course, should be the sufficient answer to the distrust of statesmen. On the contrary, what should form a guarantee merely sharpens the fear. The hatred of warfare is so widespread and so deeply ingrained in the majority of the people that they will not even consider it; and they tend to regard the Army as the embodiment of the whole horrible traffic that makes up modern war. An unreasonable, obstinate refusal to have anything to do with the loathsome thing grows more prevalent.

There can be little doubt that the infection of this hatred is partly responsible for the falling off in recruiting. Clearly it is not the whole cause, for the Navy and the Air Force can find the men they want. But the Land Forces are equally necessary. Policy contemplates the possibility of having to send abroad an Expeditionary Force. The destiny of the Low Countries and Northern France has for centuries been considered an integral part of the security of Britain, and the connection is merely emphasized by the development of flying. But even if the direct defence of the country be ignored, the policy of collective security makes the provision of an Expeditionary Force



more than ever necessary. Such a Force would have to come from the 158,400 of all ranks which the Estimates demand "for the service of the United Kingdom at home and abroad", excluding India, and this, allowing for release of time-expired men, with recruiting at its present rate, will be 100,000 short at the end of the present year. The Territorial Force is in even worse plight. On March 12th last it numbered only 128,000 (in 1914 it was 272,000 strong); it was 52,000 short of establishment. Its strength has been deliberately cut down; but little more than two-thirds of the agreed number is actually recruited. It is not that the Force has become less necessary. Mr. Duff Cooper says our national scheme of defence stands or falls by it. Its duties have increased in importance. The air defence of the country is now its charge; yet of the 17,002 required for the air defence of London, for example, there are only 5,386 recruited troops.

If the scale of continental armies were shrinking, if peace and security were now established, an automatic adjustment might be suspected. Foreign armies show no sign of shrinkage. Taking the peace strengths of France, Italy and Germany, it is evident that each of them maintains between three and four times as many Regular troops as are provided for the "United Kingdom at home and abroad with the exception of His Majesty's Indian possessions". And in their case to ask for troops is to receive them. Only in the United Kingdom is the number said to be necessary on grounds of policy not supplied.

As an explanation it is sometimes suggested that the race is deteriorating in physique, and it is for this reason that the percentage of those rejected is increasing. An examination of the recruiting figures for the last ten years lends no support to the suggestion. The percentage of volunteers fully approved tends to increase. It was 40 in 1933, 44 in 1934, and 53 in 1935. But the actual number was smaller. In 1933, 28,841 recruits taken represented only 40 per cent. of those who offered themselves; in 1935 the 25,681 accepted represented 53 per cent. The stream of recruits is definitely shrinking. But even if the percentage of rejects were increasing, it would not support the assumption of a general physical decline. The standard of life is higher in England than anywhere on the Continent, and there

is no reason to doubt that the physique does not reflect it. The number of those rejected and the shortage of acceptable recruits are the very essence of the problem. They imply that it is by no means a chance selection of the population which passes through the recruiting offices. On the contrary, it is evident that it is only the lower levels of the population which present themselves; and it is the worst aspect of the situation that so considerable a proportion belong to the "down-and-outs".

It is sometimes suggested that the raising of the standard of life for the unemployed is responsible for the lack of recruits. This is, however, less an explanation of the problem than the problem itself in a new guise. There are some who attribute the falling off to the conditions of service; and, accordingly, changes have been made which provoke amusement or dismay according to mood. The privilege of wearing mufti, a new uniform suggesting a sort of undress deer-stalker, vocational training and "at homes" for recruits are some of the many devices adopted to attract the reluctant recruit. He is adjured to "Join up and see the world"; and other specious bribes are offered. It is notorious that the British is of all armies the best paid and best treated. It cannot, of course, offer all the rewards that are possible in some other forms of employment. But to suggest that this must be the sole standard by which a youth will judge is to conclude that he is incapable of putting the public before the private good.

In the Greek and Roman civilizations much attention was paid to the Common Thing, the *res publica*. The *res privata*, the individual interest, is a part of oneself which can never be forgotten, nor, without positive effort, ignored. But it is the Common Thing which gave rise to primitive society, and in this way is the parent, as it must be the inspiration, of civilization. It would be tempting to imagine that the sophisticated modern democracy has grown decadent and self-centred. The suggestion will not, however, bear a moment's examination. There has never been a time in any country when the Common Thing was so widespread and abiding a concern as it is today. The fact that the life of the general population has been measured by an *optimum* standard of nutrition is a novelty the startling nature of which could not fail to be recognized if it were not so generally



approved. If the inquiry, the claim and the admission were made by expecting beneficiaries, there might be some escape from the conclusion. In fact the movement was almost wholly conceived and conducted by those who, in the last resort, will be mulcted to supply its demands.

There is a sense, however, in which the people of today are more self-centred than they ought to be. The time-lag in the public reaction is again at fault. It has prevented the realization of the change in scope of the *res publica*. The walls of the small pre-war worlds have fallen outwards. The Common Thing can no longer be confined within them : it now embraces the ends of the earth. Nations seek by re-raising the walls to protect themselves against the implications of the League of Nations even while they realize the attempt to be hopeless. Lip service is paid to the change by almost everyone. The majority call for collective security ; but most of them mean peace, and the two things are not the same. Peace is a condition which all desire and which collective security is designed to achieve. But it involves a price ; and it is this that numerous people fail fully to appreciate. Whether the nation choose isolation or collective security, it must provide adequately for the defence of its interests. The rule is no respecter of parties. It was Mr. Tom Shaw who last insisted that while he represented a pacifist Government it could not adopt unilateral disarmament.

Why, then, is the Army short of recruits ? Statesmen appear to have convinced themselves that the reason is the reluctance of the English youth. Whether this is the whole of the truth seems a little doubtful on inquiry. It is an odd thing that the dictators have found an element of appeal which democratic leaders cannot, will not, or dare not use. It is idle to think that Stalin, Mussolini or Hitler would have remained firmly in the saddle if they had not somehow secured the assent of the people. The seizure of power is one thing : its maintenance is another. In each of these countries the standard of life is lower than it is here. In Germany and Italy, especially in Italy, it is deteriorating. In Russia it was for long worse than it is at present in either. What has made the unpalatable acceptable in these countries ? Not only have the rulers been compelled to ask their followers to draw in their belts ; they have also found it necessary to build up

great armies. Lenin came to power by exploiting the unpopularity of military service. Yet his country has now an army as formidable as any in Europe. Even if Germany and Italy be credited with a greater infusion of the military spirit, some explanation must be found for the extraordinary lengths to which they have gone. Training almost from the cradle, with the risks of imminent war ahead, and in the case of Italy with the prospect of fighting in the tropics—the very ideas provoke bewilderment and derision here.

How have the dictators been able to bring their peoples to accept such a mode of life? Force alone will not explain it. Tsarist Russia was not conspicuously reluctant to use force; yet two years of strain sent it up in smoke. It was a sullen and rebellious soldiery that danced to Lenin's piping. Fifteen years after Lenin seized power, years of disorder and incredible hardship, came the great famine. But the regime did not even quiver. Mussolini imposes something like a triply hard Lent upon his people. He is more firmly in the saddle than ever. Hitler seems to be steering Germany to a position in which an internal or external explosion is inevitable. But there seems no reason to doubt that he will emerge triumphant from whatever befalls.

What is the secret of these men? When force is abandoned as an explanation, they are accused of being spell-binders, revivalists. But at least it is important to grasp what is the burden of their message. *They have found the value of a call to sacrifice.* While a democracy with the highest standard of life in Europe, a democracy which spends an annual 50 millions on the cinema and 30 millions on its small bets, seems to respond only to bribes, the nationals of the dictators can be persuaded to suffer almost anything. Stalin, Mussolini and Hitler rarely speak of rewards: English statesmen speak of little else. The dictators lay emphasis on service and the hardships it may entail; such words do not appear in English election dictionaries. The dictators secure a willing response; British statesmen find increasing reluctance for anything but doles. Is it not possible that it is our *methods* that are wrong? When a necessarily hard service is painted like a millionaires' conducted tour, normal youth begins to suspect that there is a catch somewhere and



waits for a higher bid. Is it the fact that youth demands life completely sterilized, warmed to the *optimum* temperature and pre-digested? If it does it must be unlike the youth of every other country, and unlike, too, the youth that was England yesterday.

What if we were to take a leaf out of the dictators' book and call upon youth for the sacrifice to the State of their best years for what they hold best in life: call for submission to discipline, to the risk of death, or worse, the inflicting of it, that the ideals for which they and their country stand may prevail in the earth? The suggestion will probably send cold shivers down the spines of those responsible for recruiting. But the assumption upon which they act is the deterioration of youth. They think it is no longer virile. They do not, of course, parade their conclusions. That would be unpopular and such a risk is the last statesmen shoulder. Merely to set them down is to be convinced of their untruth. The force behind such movements as the Peace Ballot is not fear but idealism. The impetus behind sport is not pleasure but the demand for life at a tension. If these impulses are not turned into channels which more directly advantage the nation's interests, it is because no one has had the insight and courage so to direct them. A vast spring of idealism remains untapped.

The fact is that a nation, like a family, has the youth it deserves. If youth is never summoned to any service except by a bribe, it will tend to raise the tariff steadily and react to nothing else. If its latent idealism be cultivated, if it be appealed to for sacrifice, it will respond with increasing readiness. In the first case, such arduous and unpalatable service as that of the Army will draw only those who find life unbearable elsewhere. In the latter, not the worst but the best of the country's youth will be attracted. They will require to be told that it is a *necessary* service, that it will be made as little onerous as possible, but that nothing can make it anything but a hard thing calling for hard fibre. Is it possible that a freeborn youth will be more reluctant to defend its freedom than a slave youth its fetters? That issue is at present being played out. If the youth of this country cannot be made to respond to this appeal then, failing the application of conscription, it seems likely that democracy will disappear.

## “AMERICANIZATION” OF CANADA

By H. CARL GOLDENBERG

WHILE European politics are in a state of grave uncertainty and Great Britain is entangled in policies which may lead to war, relationships on the North American continent have become very cordial. Six months ago Canada entered into a reciprocal trade agreement with the United States—the first trade agreement between the two countries for seventy years. Within a few weeks President Franklin Roosevelt will make an official visit to Ottawa—the first President of the United States to visit Canada’s capital. Certain persons attach a peculiar significance to these events and again raise the old question: Is Canada drifting away from the British Commonwealth and towards the United States? Let us attempt an answer.

The alleged “Americanization” of Canada is a frequent subject of discussion in the press and on the public platform, and it is usually regarded as a regrettable and undesirable trend. It is too often forgotten, however, that Canada does not have to be “Americanized”, because Canada *is* a North American nation. We can neither deny nor avoid the facts of geography. The three thousand miles of boundary which separate Canada from the United States are a purely imaginary line. The people on each side of this line, in the main, speak the same language, have the same habits and ways of thought, and dress in similar fashions. They see the same moving picture films, they listen to the same radio programmes, and they read the same periodicals. Every day thousands cross the boundary line each way, as though it did not exist. And proximity makes all of this natural and inevitable. Great Britain, after all, is separated from Canada by the width of the Atlantic Ocean.

Geographic and historical considerations explain the close economic ties between Canada and the United States. Canada



has been a capital-importing country, and during the War and post-War years the United States became a capital-exporting country. While London supplied the greater part of the new capital invested in Canada before the War, New York has been the principal source of foreign capital for Canadian borrowers since 1914. These investments are frequently condemned as an instrument of "Americanization", but they have aided materially in the economic development of Canada.

It has been estimated that in 1933 the total foreign investments in Canada amounted to \$6,794,000,000, of which \$3,967,000,000 was invested by residents in the United States, and \$2,731,000,000 by residents of the United Kingdom. In 1931 it was estimated that Canadian capital invested in the United States amounted to \$1,047,000,000, and in the United Kingdom to \$84,826,000. About one-third of the foreign investments in Canada represents branch plants owned by or affiliated with foreign companies. They number about 1,200, and over 80 per cent. are owned by American interests.

It is natural that the United States should predominate amongst the foreign investors in Canada. We have only to recall the similarity in business organization, methods and practices in both countries, the complementary nature of their resources, to some degree the similarity in tastes and fashions, the close relationship between financial institutions, and the interchange of population through travel and migration. Proximity has made both countries a familiar territory to their respective investors and accounts, in part, for the fact that when international lending ceased, in 1931, the New York money market was not completely closed to Canada.

While the number of British branch factories has increased in recent years, it cannot be expected even to approximate that of United States firms. Canada offers an advantage as an export base to the manufacturers of the United States which it cannot offer to the British. Furthermore, an American branch is within a few hours' distance from its head office, whereas a British branch is at least one week away from its head office.

In some quarters this so-called "American penetration" is regarded as a threat to the self-control of Canadian industry and to the British connection. In answer it may be pointed out

that, although United States investments are very extensive, in so far as the "key" industries of Canada are concerned they are not subject to American economic control. While the large number of American firms have undoubtedly influenced the way of living of the Canadian citizen, they cannot be said to constitute a threat to Canada's political institutions or to the British connection, because they do not seek to promote American political influence. In any event, the fear of foreign economic domination should subside because Canada is rapidly ceasing to be dependent on foreign capital and is actually becoming an important exporter of capital. It is perhaps difficult to appreciate the fact that Canadian investments abroad now amount to almost \$2,000,000,000.

The reasons which account for these large American investments likewise explain the fact that the total trade between Canada and the United States is larger than that between any other two countries. Reciprocal trade with the United States has been a major question in Canadian politics since the dislocation of the trade of the British North American provinces following the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846. A reciprocity treaty, providing for free trade in raw commodities, was in effect from 1854 to 1866. Even after its abrogation, and, notwithstanding the protectionist policies of both countries, their trade continued to grow. Since 1883 the United States has steadily maintained its position as the principal source of Canada's imports, and from 1921 to 1932 it was also the principal market for Canada's exports. On the other hand, from 1890, to 1920 the United Kingdom was Canada's largest customer, as it has again been since 1933.

Ever since the enactment of the British preferential tariff by the Canadian Parliament, in 1898, attempts have been made to divert trade from the United States to Great Britain. But experience now teaches that even high tariff barriers cannot prevent trade between the two halves of the same continent. In the fiscal year 1929-1930 Canada's total trade with the United States amounted to \$1,362,000,000, and that with the United Kingdom to \$470,925,000. In the tremendous decline which followed, the British market, importing principally staple commodities, proved far more steady than the American. The Ottawa Agreements of 1932 then sought to increase intra-Empire



trade at the expense of that with other countries. But, although an increase in Anglo-Canadian trade followed, it could not possibly replace the previous volume of trade with the United States. Both the Liberal and Conservative Parties in Canada recognized this fact, and the way was therefore opened for negotiations with the United States.

While in 1911 the Canadian electorate rejected a reciprocity agreement, largely on the grounds that it endangered the British connection and would lead to annexation to the United States, in 1935 Premier Mackenzie King was able to conclude an agreement without opposition of this nature. There was opposition, of course, but it was based on economic and not patriotic grounds. The Canada-United States Trade Agreement of 1935 is not an attack on British-Canadian trade; it does not affect the British preferential tariffs. It is merely a recognition of the fact that Canada's economy is dependent upon international trade, and that it is logical to seek an expansion of that trade by aiming to restore the former huge commerce with the United States.

When British visitors note these geographic and economic ties of Canada, they are inclined to conclude too hastily that the country is drifting towards, and must inevitably form part of, the United States. They omit consideration of important factors. Canada's political system is British, and the majority of her population is of British origin. There exists a strong sentimental attachment to the mother country and to the Crown. That attachment was recently manifested most eloquently by the grief and the visible feeling of loss which marked the day of mourning for the death of King George V—a day observed by all races and all classes of the population. It is this sentiment and not economic ties that will preserve the British connection. The threat to this connection comes rather from the haggling and bargaining for economic advantage, such as marked the Ottawa Conference of 1932, in its attempt to promote closer economic relationships within the Empire.

British visitors also often fail to realize that, notwithstanding the examples of "Americanization" and despite the magnetic force of the populous and highly-industrialized United States, there is a certain anti-American sentiment in Canada. It manifests itself in the disdain with which some Canadians refer

to American institutions, to the "sensationalism" of the American press, and to certain features of the American administration of justice. They point frequently to the activities of gangsters and racketeers, and to political crookedness. They fear dealings with the United States, which, they allege, seeks to make of Canadians mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for their American neighbours. But these feelings are by no means general in Canada. Sentiment towards the United States, as towards Great Britain, varies with different sections of the population.

In 1871 the first census of the Dominion of Canada showed a total population of 3,485,000, of which 60.5 per cent. were of British origin, 31 per cent. of French origin, and 8.4 per cent. of other origins. The last census, in 1931, showed a total population of 10,376,000, of which 51.8 per cent. were of British origin, 28.2 per cent. of French origin, and 20 per cent. of other European racial origins (less a small percentage of Indians, Japanese, Chinese, and Negroes). These figures are significant. It is apparent that the proportion of the population which is of British origin is decreasing, and that the number of French-Canadians is increasing relatively—and in the decade from 1921 to 1931 it increased absolutely. Immigration accounts for the increase in the percentage of the foreign-born element of the population, which now forms a substantial proportion of the population of the three Prairie Provinces. It is also important to note that a large number of the people of British origin in these Provinces migrated from the United States.

The foregoing analysis indicates that the loyalties of the people would be mixed. Those of British origin are naturally attached to the British connection. On the other hand, there are many persons, particularly in Western Canada, who, because of origin or for economic reasons, are inclined towards the United States. They point to the fact that the natural lines of communication in North America run north and south, and that the maintenance of an east-and-west economy is artificial and penalizes certain sections of the country. In periods of economic depression, therefore, there is sometimes talk of the dissolution of the Dominion, and the formation of independent units under the Crown or the annexation of certain portions to the United



States. But such proposals are not yet given serious consideration.

No estimate of Canadian sentiment can be attempted without reference to the French Roman Catholic minority. A nation within a nation, it constitutes more than four-fifths of the population of the Province of Quebec and a growing proportion of the population of the other provinces. Conservative, clerical and fertile, it has its own language, its own religion, its own educational system and institutions and, in Quebec, the Civil Law based upon the Code Napoleon. Descendants of the French pioneers, who, as long as three and four centuries ago, began to conquer the wilderness which was Canada, the French-Canadians are devoted to the country and particularly to Quebec.

The attitude of the French-Canadians is a decisive factor in both provincial and national politics. Forming a constantly increasing proportion of the population, because of their higher birthrate, they jealously guard their constitutional rights. They are wary of any change which might affect the relative importance of their status in Canada. Hence they oppose immigration. They also fear the influence of the United States and oppose "American penetration". Annexation to the United States would, of course, diminish the status of the French-Canadian and his Church. Hence, although emigration has given the New England states a French population almost as large as that of Quebec, French-Canadian members of the clergy and public men constantly point to the dangers inherent in American investments in Canada, and in the introduction of American institutions, habits, and "materialistic" ways of thought. They have hindered international trade unions, with headquarters in the United States, by establishing a federation of Catholic Trade Unions in Quebec.

On the other hand, the French-Canadians value the British connection very highly. They regard it as security for the preservation of their constitutional rights, and, therefore, oppose attempts to transfer the power to amend the British North America Act, which embodies their rights, from the British Parliament to the Canadian Parliament. They fear the dominant English majority at Ottawa, but have faith in the fairness of the Parliament at Westminster. And yet they fear the influence of

"British Imperialism", the "dictation" of Downing Street, which might embroil Canada in foreign wars. They are essentially nationalist and opposed to foreign entanglements—a growing feeling amongst other sections of the population.

French-Canadian nationalism has recently revived in a strong form owing to the combination of political fear and economic distress. It has given rise to a political movement which may in the near future assume the reins of office in the Province of Quebec. Within that movement there are people who look forward to the establishment of a French-Canadian Roman Catholic clerical republic on the banks of the St. Lawrence. This is not a question of practical politics at the moment but it is an indication of certain trends of thought.

In so far as Canada shares in the sentiment of the United States towards foreign entanglements, that feeling is not confined to those of the French minority. Rightly or wrongly, the Canadian outlook on foreign policy is definitely becoming North American. Although Canada is a member of the League of Nations, she has from the outset sought to define and to limit her obligations under the Covenant. She does not want to be involved in foreign wars except at her own express will. It is the strength of the isolationist sentiment which explains the recent repudiation of Canada's delegate to the League Assembly.

In association with the other member-States, Canada imposed economic and financial sanctions against Italy as the aggressor in the war with Ethiopia. But, when the Canadian representative moved that oil sanctions be also applied it dawned upon many persons that war might follow. Although any member was entitled to make such a proposal, the Government of Canada denied responsibility and asserted that its delegate acted only in his personal capacity. This action disturbed ardent advocates of the League system, but there is no doubt that when Premier Mackenzie King explained his action in the House of Commons, he expressed Canadian sentiment in asking this question: "Do honourable members think that it is Canada's role at Geneva to attempt to regulate a European war and to say what other countries are to do with respect to the manner in which a European War is to be carried on"?

In Canada there are now three main schools of thought on



foreign policy. There are the Imperialists, who believe that every British war is Canada's war also. There are the ardent supporters of the League of Nations who believe in unlimited co-operation to maintain the League system of collective security. And, finally, there is the growing body of opinion which favours isolation from European politics.

The isolationists deny the sincerity of European efforts to enforce the collective system. They point to the ill-fated Hoare-Laval Agreement, to the politics affecting the situation in Ethiopia and in the Rhineland, and to general rearmament. They contend that Great Britain is inextricably entangled in this net of politics and diplomacy, and, therefore, advise Canada to "keep out of Europe". This is in essence the American attitude of isolation—a feeling which is rapidly gaining ground amongst even the Latin-American republics which are members of the League of Nations.

It is significant, in the light of the foregoing, that President Roosevelt has summoned a conference of the American republics in Buenos Aires in June. It is not to be held under the auspices of the Pan-American Union, of which Canada is not a member. The purpose of the conference is to discuss the maintenance of peace on the American continent. It is felt in many quarters that the result may be the creation of a League of American Nations for the preservation of peace on this continent. It is probable that, taking advantage of the growing isolationist attitude towards Europe, President Roosevelt, in his forthcoming visit to Ottawa, will seek to interest Canada in his peace movement. He will, of course, have to overcome the fear of United States domination of the movement and its possible consequences to Canada. It will be difficult for him to do so. But the fact remains that as the possible consequences of Britain's inescapable entanglements in Europe become more apparent, Canada will tend more and more to drift towards some form of North American isolation—in so far as any isolation is possible in the modern world.

## KING FUAD'S LEGACY

BY G. S. HOARE

AS was to be expected in a country where politeness is all and, at least among the educated classes, an insult is so carefully worded that it often sounds like a compliment, King Fuad's death has been the occasion for a tremendous spate of completely insincere eulogies. The Arabic newspapers call him "the first and greatest patriot" and "the maker of modern Egypt", bewailing his passing, which, they declare, "is an irreparable loss for Egypt". But these are mere conventional tributes to a man who was strangely misunderstood by his country, and in many quarters King Fuad's death was greeted by something very like relief. Few of the writers who are still paying him lip-service realize how true are many of their words and how great is the country's loss. King Fuad was the one stable element in Egyptian political life; in the words of *The Times*, he had forgotten more about statecraft than many of his Ministers had ever learned.

Fuad might not have been the maker of modern Egypt, but he did at least succeed in preventing irresponsible politicians from "unmaking" the still immature state founded by his great-grandfather, Mohamed Ali Pasha; he may not have won Egypt her independence, but it was probably due to his restraining influence that independence was retained in the intensely difficult years following its arrival.

Prince Ahmed Fuad, youngest son of the Khedive Ismail the Magnificent, was not brought up with the idea that he would one day occupy the throne. When, at the age of ten, he accompanied his deposed father into exile in Italy, Egypt must have seemed very remote. Indeed, during his youth, when he was magnificently treated by the Italian Royal Family—who then laid the foundations of Fuad's extremely pro-Italian sympathies, which lasted until his death—he lost all touch with his native



country. But his brother Hussein succeeded his cousin Abbas Hilmy, and in 1917 Hussein died. The rightful heir, the late Sultan's son Prince Kemel el Dine Hussein, renounced his sovereign rights and the British chose Prince Ahmed Fuad as the next King. His acceptance of the doubtful honour, at a time when thrones were tottering all over Europe, when unrest was rife in Egypt and when his succession as a British nominee was in itself sufficient to make him generally unpopular, was a striking manifestation of that calm moral courage which never left him. It was almost an act of physical courage also, for two attempts had been made on the life of his predecessor, who was actually a popular ruler.

So Fuad became Sultan of Egypt. The next five years were full of difficulty, and the Sultan was constantly harassed by the Wafd, the extreme Nationalist party, so much so that the British Government was placed in the position of having to protect from humiliation the ruler it had placed upon the throne. During that period Fuad behaved with admirable dignity and restraint, and as Col. P. G. Elgood says in *The Transit of Egypt* :

He trespassed neither upon the prerogative of martial law nor upon the domain of his Ministers. Only once did he break through his rigid rule of life. Egypt then lay trembling on the brink of anarchy, and no man knew what the morrow would bring forth. With his customary contempt for popular emotion, His Highness descended into the arena and urged his subjects to resume their calmness. The counsel missed its mark, it is true ; but just then neither rescript nor proclamation could influence the excited nation.

But Fuad's " rigid rule of life " was not maintained. In 1922 the British granted Egypt independence. Almost immediately Fuad proclaimed himself King and his influence in local politics began to be felt. A constitution was drafted, and it is believed that the King, knowing full well that the instrument chosen—based upon the Belgian model—was far too democratic for so backward a country, made repeated attempts to increase the authority and prerogatives of the Crown as laid down therein. The attempts were unsuccessful, but the King soon afterwards used his prerogative to check the rising power of the Wafd and to suspend the Constitution. From the early days of independence there were three main powers in Egypt—the Wafd, the Palace and the British Residency ; and Fuad gradually made the Palace

the most important, playing off Wafd against Residency with consummate skill.

The King's power increased when in 1930 he again suspended the 1923 Constitution, brought in one of his own making—the Constitution of 1930—and put into office one of his own men, Ismail Sidky Pasha. It reached its zenith when Sidky Pasha, having outgrown his usefulness and shown signs of too much independence, was replaced by a purely puppet Premier, Abdel Fattah Yehia Pasha, and the government of Egypt was at last palace government almost undisguised. For five years, from 1930 until 1935, King Fuad, indirectly first and later almost openly, ruled Egypt, and his statecraft and knowledge of men allowed him to quell opposition before it really arose.

But his long and arduous fight for political power, combined with ingrained habits of intense application and hard work, undermined his health and for the last nineteen months of his life he was a sick man. His political opponents, led by the Wafd and to some extent influenced by the students—who, from being the army of the extremist politicians, have almost become their masters—managed in this period to combine their forces and, by presenting a pistol at the head of the British Government and thus indirectly at Fuad, obtained the reintroduction of the 1923 Constitution and their own return to power. This was followed by a resumption of Anglo-Egyptian treaty conversations and by preparations for elections, but three days before the elections Fuad died.

It has been said that Fuad's death occurred at a critical time for his country. That is true ; but it would have been equally true at any time since 1922. King Fuad, whatever his faults—and he was an expensive and greedy king, an autocrat in a country which thinks itself democratic—was not only a restraining influence upon extremist politicians, but he was Egypt's outstanding statesman and one of the country's most intelligent men. And Egypt is not so plentifully endowed with men of outstanding merit that it can afford to lose even one.

Fuad's death leaves a slightly complicated situation. The heir is a minor, a stop-gap government is about to cede office to a Wafdist administration and Anglo-Egyptian negotiations are reaching a decisive stage. But after lengthy discussions between



the party leaders a Council of Regency, composed of three distinguished Egyptians, Prince Mohamed Ali, Aziz Izzet Pasha and Sherif Sabry Pasha, all of whom are above reproach, has been unanimously elected, and the other matters will be unaffected by Fuad's death. What then is the late King's legacy? Any reply to that question is mere speculation, and the answer depends upon a number of factors, by far the most important of which is the result of the present treaty conversations.

If the treaty conversations succeed and Egypt at last wins complete independence, King Fuad's death will not greatly influence Anglo-Egyptian relations. If they fail, it is possible for situations of some gravity to arise.

So far as can be ascertained from conversations carried out in the greatest secrecy, agreement has almost been reached on the first of the two important points confronting the negotiators—the military question. In the draft treaty of 1930, so nearly signed, which was taken as the basis for the present discussions, it was provided that Great Britain should maintain a small garrison in Egypt to be quartered on the banks of the Suez Canal, thus evacuating the towns of Cairo and Alexandria. The draft gave Britain the right to take whatever military measures she deemed necessary in the event of war or threat of war. When the present talks opened the Egyptian delegation argued that the proviso concerning "threat of war" covered all eventualities and therefore any alteration of the 1930 military clauses was unnecessary. The British delegates pointed to the changed situation in the Mediterranean and the enormous advance in engines of warfare, particularly warfare in the air, and demanded that until such time as Egypt had a large modern, fully equipped army it was necessary to increase British forces in Egypt.

Agreement had almost been reached on this point. The Egyptian delegates made certain concessions to the British point of view and opinions were being exchanged on points of detail when conversations were unfortunately seriously interrupted for a variety of reasons, and the King's death caused a further postponement. But in the meantime Italy has definitely conquered Abyssinia, and Egypt, seeing the impotence of the Great Powers to stop that aggression, is nervous. Italy is now once again tentatively exploring the possibility of a non-aggression pact with

Egypt, pointing out that if that were signed Egypt could dispense with the reinforced British garrison, because—although this is not plainly stated—Italy is the only country Egypt would have to fear. This argument from a country which has not shown any notable respect for treaties is perhaps not likely greatly to influence the Egyptian negotiators; but, combined with the fact that the Wafd are now in sole control and may hesitate to put before Parliament a treaty which gives away more than the undertaking they so nearly signed in 1930, it may induce them to stand out for terms likely to prove more generally acceptable. The British negotiators, on the other hand, have probably already made all the concessions they can, so that the military question may not be so near settlement as it was before Fuad died. When agreement has been reached on that point the negotiators will discuss the Sudan, a question which must also present difficulties, although there is reason to believe the Egyptians to be considerably more reasonable in this connection than in the past.

There is, then, a possibility that the negotiations will succeed. But in Egypt history has a habit of repeating itself. Six times have negotiations been opened and six times have they failed, always on the same two rocks—the military question and the Sudan.

On previous occasions the Egyptian delegations have been afraid to make concessions because they feared the criticisms of the opposition. This time Britain is negotiating with a united front of all political parties. This unity was welcomed by King Fuad, and in conversation shortly before his death with Mohamed Mahmud Pasha, the Liberal leader and a former Prime Minister, Fuad hoped that unity would be maintained. But now a Wafdist government is in office with a very considerable majority in both the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate. And the Wafd were instrumental in selecting the Regents, who, men of charm and distinction, are unlikely to interfere in the country's political life. Thus there is virtually a Wafdist dictatorship, and this will automatically break down the previous unity, especially as all the other political leaders have been elected to Parliament, where they now form a small but strong opposition. The Wafd have no need to fear this opposition, but its very presence may make them more intransigent: they have been out of office for five years



and before that they had never held power for more than a few months. King Fuad, aided by their own stupidity, had always been able to force them to resign. But there is now no Fuad, and the Wafd are preparing for a lengthy stay, during which they will have complete control of the country and will make up for lost time.

With the success of the negotiations the Wafd, who are not in reality a political party but a delegation (the literal translation of the word "wafd") formed to gain the country's independence, lose their *raison d'être* and the rallying cry by which they have gained the country's support. When that disappears by the arrival of complete independence they will have to depend upon their administrative ability and their capacity to govern, two qualities of which they have previously shown no signs. They may not, therefore, be so anxious to push negotiations to a successful conclusion, particularly if they can—as they will in any case—make it appear that the breakdown was due to British "imperialism," and so resume their "struggle for independence".

The Wafd could, of course, have followed this course had Fuad been alive, but they would have had to be more careful, for they knew he disliked them and would have turned them out of office at the first opportunity. But now, so long as they have their old appeal, they have nothing to fear; they are on top of the world, they are masters of Egypt. Thus if Anglo-Egyptian relations, which are now reasonably happy, should unfortunately again become strained, King Fuad's death will have left the Wafd much more formidable opponents. It will be a straight fight between the Wafd and the British, who, until the treaty is signed, are responsible for the safety and well-being of the large mixed foreign population. The old three-cornered contest between Palace, Wafd and Residency, which maintained the balance of power and in the long run prevented extreme courses, will have disappeared.

It is the earnest hope of all who wish Egypt well that an Anglo-Egyptian treaty will be finally signed. When that has been done, politicians who have something constructive to offer the country will have their opportunity. If the treaty is signed now, with the Wafd under their leader Mustafa Nahas Pasha in office, the Wafd will have to stand or fall by their ability

to govern—and it is the general impression that they will eventually fall. Their party seems to be singularly lacking in men of constructive ability, most of whom are to be found either in the ranks of the opposition or amongst those who take no part in politics, but who will be very ready to emerge from their shells if they see that their abilities can be properly utilised. In present circumstances these men are disregarded by the country as a whole because nationalism is a far more attractive slogan than progress, and a demagogue commands more attention than a social reformer.

The other important but still unknown factor in the Egyptian political scene is King Farouk, who will assume sovereign powers in August, 1937. The young King created an excellent impression when he returned to Cairo at the beginning of May after six months in London, and although it is unfortunately unlikely that he will resume his studies in England, he has at least seen and learned something of life in a truly democratic country. It seems improbable that King Farouk can, on his own initiative, play any important part in his country's affairs for some years, but he will represent the monarchy, and in fourteen months' time his word, whoever inspires the utterance, will be all-powerful, for Eastern ideas of monarchy are not ours. He will have advisers to guide him, and these men, whoever they are, will be of high importance to Egypt. King Farouk is, moreover, a descendant of Mohamed Ali, and he has only to inherit a little of his father's intelligence, courage and acumen to be able to select both his advisers and his servants from the best elements of the country. Indeed, one of the outstanding characteristics of King Fuad was the unerring wisdom which enabled him unfailingly to pick out for what has been termed "the Palace group" men of exceptional ability. What the new King's attitude will be towards Great Britain it would be foolish and presumptuous to prophesy because there are no grounds upon which an opinion can yet be based. There is, however, no reason to anticipate that it will be anything but the most friendly, particularly after his short visit to England at an impressionable age and in view of the character of his closest adviser, Sir Ahmed Hassanein Bey, a distinguished Egyptian of the highest integrity and an old and tried friend of England.

## THE VICISSITUDES OF ZORA

BY CLARE SHERIDAN

ZORA was four years old when I bought her father's date garden that adjoined my own. I am reminded of Zora by the fact that she has just married. If humans can be likened to animals, Zora resembled a tame gazelle. She had the same half fearful distrustful look in her immense brown eyes.

On the day that my children and I threw down the mud wall that divided our gardens, we found Zora and Hamid with their father on the other side. For a second the Arab children contemplated the Europeans shyly, while the European children observed the Arabs with curiosity. Then Lakdar, with all the dignity conferred by a heavy white *burnous*, stepped forward and pronounced Allah's blessing upon me, my offspring and the garden that was now mine. He hoped we might enjoy health, live long, and that the soil would be as fruitful as the date palms. He then spoke gruff nasal words to his children, who with due solemnity proffered each a little flexible dark brown hand to shake. Hamid, who was six, wore the usual magenta cotton shirt, open to the waist and reaching to his feet, his fez was rakishly tilted and his well worn *baboush* were of soft canary coloured leather. Zora's hair was hidden under a turban of crimson striped with gold. It was knotted above her forehead, the silk fringe falling over her eyes. Her long full dress of faded blue was woven with a design of silver swallows on the wing. Flowing sleeves of primrose lace, a woollen girdle of prismatic colours, a vermilion pomegranate blossom tucked in her turban, river pearls threaded on gold wire hanging from her ears, Zora was a Persian miniature come to life. Each step was accompanied by the jingling sound of her silver anklets. Hereafter, the patter of her jingling footsteps on the garden path was to become an almost daily sound.

Lakdar instituted himself our gardener. Every flower that



no Arab had ever seen before was Lakdar's especial pride. I sent to England, France, Holland and Tunisia for roots and bulbs, but Lakdar's friends in the village declared they were Allah's flowers, sent from Paradise. Neither Zora nor Hamid was allowed to pick a single bloom. The children's decorum in the garden reminded me of those little children of the rich, who walk in Hyde Park, having been broken into submission by a highly trained nurse.

The first time I visited Zora's family, there was food for gossip in the village. The rapidity with which news spreads in the Arab world is legendary. As Zora led me by the hand up the village street, every woman in every house on our passage was on her roof top. Although they remained discreetly hidden from view, one was conscious of the prying curious eyes. Hamid, with the discretion of a man, looked neither right nor left as he carried the gramophone. Zora held her turbaned head proudly as we passed the gaping children in the road.

In the Onaman House the women had arrayed themselves in their feast day clothes, vivid home woven carpets were laid on the courtyard floor and we all sat round in a circle. While Mejina, the wife of Lakdar set the coffee boiling over a charcoal fire, Lakdar's stepmother arranged honeycakes and date jam on a brass tray. The three wives of Lakdar's three brothers squatted before a bowl of walnuts, cracking them between two stones until they had piled up more than I could possibly eat in a month. Meanwhile Lakdar's sister extracted translucent pomegranate seeds from their pods. It was their first experience of a gramophone. The sound of a man singing filled them at first with alarm. They looked round fearfully to make sure that no husband or brother was in hearing. A man's voice ! A strange man—after the first shock they were giggling with excitement over the impropriety of it !

There was, however, no freedom of speech until grandmother peremptorily turned young Salah out of the house. Salah was the pale swivel-eyed son of the eldest brother. In an Arab household every male above the age of ten is woman's natural enemy, regarded by her as a sneak and a spy. In their own world, contained within the four walls, Woman rules, and no male, unless he be a husband, has the right to remain if the

women request him to leave. It took me some time to unravel relationships in that House. According to patriarchal system three brothers and their wives lived there, with more children between them than I ever was able to count. Father, blind and deaf, lived in a black cupboard. His sons logically argued that as he was blind a room with a window would be wasted on him, and as he was deaf he could hardly know if he was alone or in the family's midst. His wife, the grandmother of the house, was little older than his sons' wives, a young woman he had married in his old age. Having no children of her own she petted and spoiled her step-grandchildren and nursed the sick ones. She was kept pretty busy and the old man in the cupboard outlived a number of them.

Zora and Hamid were the pick of the family, especially after Zora had shared my breakfast for several months! Little by little the gazelle eyes lost their apprehension, became gay and twinkled with merriment. It seemed as if by a miracle Zora had grown fearless. Her father, she said, never hit her any more: "He knows I would tell you!" There was but one person whose presence, whose very name in fact, acted as a cloud. Every woman and every child in the Onaman House was afraid of Mohamed, the Red Beard. He was the eldest of the brothers, a fanatically devout Moslem who prayed morning and evening in the Mosque. His strict observance of Ramadan had obliged his wife to fast according to custom from New Moon to New Moon, even though she was suckling her last born. The Koran gives dispensation to mothers, but Red Beard preferred his child should die for lack of the milk dried up in the mother's breasts. The day that he himself was laid low with fever, he refused to take even an aspirin until the sun had set. Zora and Hamid hid at his approach. A hush fell over the household whenever he entered.

After a while I tried to restrict my visits to the Onaman House, not on account of Red Beard, whom I disliked, but because of the fleas. But I could not explain this to Zora even had I known the Arab word for a flea. She certainly would not have understood why anyone should mind such little things. It required all my imagination to invent excuses. I could hear the jingling step of her little bare feet coming across the garden. She always

found me, no matter where I might be peacefully reading. Standing before me she would imperatively bid me :

" Come to the House, Maama ".

" You see I am busy Zora ".

" Mother says come. Aunts say come. Grandmother says come ".

" I'll come later ".

" The men have all gone to town, come *now* ".

" I'll come tomorrow ".

Stamping her foot : " They're waiting, they're all waiting ".

" They have nothing else to do but wait ".

The little arms were thrown round my neck, she squeezed me tight, her cheek pressed against mine :

" Grandmother has made honeycakes ".

" They'll keep ! "

" I can't go back without you, I dare not—I promised——"

To placate the waiting women I ransacked my cupboards for gifts.

" There, Zora ! A bottle of scent for grandmother, a bag of sweets for Aunt—don't eat them all on the way—a chain of beads for your mother——"

But I soon learned there could be no peace for those who would evade their obligations. Before long the jingling anklets came back across the garden. Zora smiling angelically was clasping a pair of small fluttering pigeons against her breast. In the other hand she carried a handkerchief bulging with eggs.

I would not be outdone in generosity by the poor, and so I must take to that Onaman House gifts to equal if not to outdo theirs. To Zora's delight I drove her to town in the car. There was an Arab shop in the market place whose merchant had long since given up trying to rob me. Zora chose a length of material for her mother, something violently red. A peacock blue silk handkerchief striped with gold to make a turban for aunt. A vivid magenta shawl for grandmother. I felt satisfied that the pigeons and the eggs had been amply repaid.

Next morning Zora and Hamid arrived together. Zora carried the hen, Hamid the cock, and each was loaded with oranges and honeycakes. At sunset, Lakdar, accompanied by the two children, announced they had brought me my evening



meal. Nejina had worked all day rolling *cous-cous* and preparing this native dish. The barley was piled high with meat and every variety of vegetable soaked in a rich flame-coloured oily sauce seasoned with red peppers. There were four other courses, besides dates, oranges, pomegranate seeds and walnuts, more than I could possibly eat, even though I love peppery Arab food. The servants also ate their fill.

Try as I would to get ahead of my Arab friends in the matter of presents, I remained always in their debt.

Zora became the personality of the village. She could entertain a whole wedding party of women half the night, telling them tales of the things she had seen and heard in the *Roumia*\* house. She knew the difference between wireless and gramophone. She could sit at table, her legs dangling from a chair and eat with knife and fork. She had looked into books, so many many books, with pictures. She had learnt to thread a needle and to sew. She could draw with a pencil on a sheet of paper, but her supreme superiority lay in the fact that she was a motorist ! Given her choice between a camel or a motor she chose the motor every time. She evolved a special way of tying her turban so that it would not blow off, and a particular way of cuddling up close to the driver without hampering the gears. She knew how to start up the engine, and was firmly convinced that she could drive if only I would let her.

At the end of a breathless stifling day we would drive far out into the desert, until the Oasis was but a dark blot of green on the horizon, sit on the hot sand, eat cakes and drink iced orange juice from a thermos. Knowing how all too soon she would be shut up for ever within high walls, I wanted her to feel, to realize, to understand the wonderful thing that is space. Arab men have a look in their eyes peculiar to sailors, used to staring into a distant horizon. Arab women, on the contrary, have the limited look of eyes unused to focus on anything but close objects. I wanted Zora to have the far reaching look, and to remember. People told me I was cruel to initiate her into a world that she must renounce, but her reaction to space made it irresistible. Far from sharing my respect for the desert as an awesome place, it affected Zora hilariously. Casting aside all her natural

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\* *Roumia*, dating from Roman Colonial times, meaning foreigners.

decorum, she would roll down the highest sand dunes, her brocade skirt over her head.

On Fridays when Hamid had no school the two would tumble and toss in the sand and laugh and sing and shout like shameless Europeans on a bank holiday !

## II.

One morning, hearing the rhythmic chanting of the Koran by breathless hurrying men, I went up on to the roof which commands a view of the road. The litter with its corpse outlined beneath a fluttering overlet was carried on the shoulders of Lakdar and his three brothers. The men of the village followed to the cemetery.

With the death of the old man in the cupboard, Red Beard became head of the family. Upon him devolved the duty of administering his father's estate. Bribing the Kadi he contrived to prove that his brothers, their wives and children, had battened on the old man for years. The Kadi awarded him as compensation all the hours of water that had belonged to his father. In the Oasis, the life-giving stream is divided among the population. Through a system of sluices it is deviated into each individual palm garden on certain days for so many hours. A man's riches are measured not by his acreage of land, but by the volume of his water. The father of the Onaman brothers had owned several hours a week. There was water to sell—Red Beard sold it and retained the money. Lakdar's face was gloomy in those days. Zora frankly admitted that her uncle was a great big *Halouf* (Pig) and Lakdar's desire to leave his brother's house became a fixed idea. He planned to construct himself a small house during my absence in the summer months. The heat of a dawning June warned me that the time of departure was at hand. At that moment, a small wedge-shaped piece of land running parallel to my house, became available for purchase. I had long coveted this strip as it prevented the expansion of the House on the south side. Insignificant in the abstract, bereft of palm trees and waterless, it had no value for anyone but myself. The owner had for some time obdurately held out for a fancy price. Negotiation with Arabs is a slow process. Wearing each party down amounts almost to an art. People have been

known to die of old age or of starvation before arriving at any settlement. As each morning the sun rose earlier and fiercer I could not wait. Lakdar undertook the negotiations in my absence. Four months later when I returned Lakdar was dead. In a row over a division of water his adversary rushed at him with lowered head and butted him full in the stomach. Men are killed in disputes over women or water in the desert. More often over water. He had, however, secured the small piece of land for me, but had not had time to transfer it to my name before he died.

I went to offer my condolences to Nejina and ask her for the document. The poor widow had been relegated to a windowless room on the ground floor. Light filtered feebly through the door from a courtyard that was half roofed over. Nejina was expecting a child. Zora crouched close to her in the dark. They were like a couple of frightened wild animals caught in a trap. Mohamed, in order to assert a legal right over the widow and orphans' heritage had asked Nejina in marriage. When she repulsed his advances he picked up his blunderbuss and aimed it at her. The shrieks of Zora had brought the other women on the scene and Mohamed had been forced to retire. In vain I tried to assure her that he never meant to shoot but only to intimidate. There was not a woman in that house who did not believe that Red Beard would shoot. What he had hoped to gain by legal means, he meant now to gain by craft and intimidation. Nejina was entirely dependant upon him. Hamid was too young to administer his father's share of the date plantation. It was Mohamed's duty to sell the harvest. He kept the proceeds to defray their expenses. He gave them no clothes and barely enough food. As his wife he would have provided for Nejina decently, for he was a proud man, but a widow was merely an encumbrance.

As for the document that entitled me to the bit of land, Mohamed had seized it with everything else that had belonged to Lakdar. In his suave manner, showing his teeth like a collie dog, he informed me that the land I had paid for belonged by deed to Lakdar's children, he meant to hold it in trust for them until they were of age. As the kitchen had already been enlarged on to this bit of land, he believed he had it in his power either to



make me pay his valuation, or oblige me to demolish my kitchen. It was a grand blackmail. I remained outwardly calm, shrugged my shoulders and left his house. He immediately went to the Kadi, to consult him how best to extract money from me, big money! The Kadi, at all times willing to meddle in any affair in which he may win a share, was afraid of Europeans. He declined to act and sent Mohamed to the local French lawyer. The Frenchman knew all about the Arab before he arrived, and when the blackmail plan was laid bare, Mohamed was told abruptly to "get out".

Meanwhile, hearing vague rumours of Nejina's plight, of her persistent refusal to marry her brother-in-law and of his ill-treatment, I went to the village schoolmaster, who was Nejina's brother. It was his *duty*, I said, to take his widowed sister into his house. He said he had offered to, and that Mohamed had even agreed to let her go, and Zora too, but Hamid was beyond the age of a mother's jurisdiction, and Mohamed declared he would retain Hamid. Rather than be separated from her son Nejina preferred to starve in Mohamed's house. I went to see Nejina. She was still crouching in her dark room, the only place where she felt safe from Red Beard. For although an Arab may be a tyrant and a dominating factor in the household there are certain conventions to be observed: In the communal part of the house, Nejina would be fair game. To her own quarters he could not follow her. Her room was her recognized sanctuary.

I tried to argue with her. For Zora's sake, I said, she should get out. Her brother would be kind to her, I myself would be able to visit her freely, and be able to help her. But Nejina had been in the Onaman House ever since, as a girl of fourteen, she had married Lakdar, and she could not see herself living in any other house. The world is full of timid undecided people who cannot help themselves and Nejina was one of them. I got quite angry with her. For a moment she wavered—promised—sent me to her brother to make the necessary arrangements. It was decided I should fetch her in my car the next day. She changed her mind as soon as I had left, and when I went to fetch her nothing would induce her to move. She just sat on the mat with her baby at her breast, and rocked in misery, emitting strange sounds as of a wounded animal.

I never went to the house again. From time to time I inquired for Zora and why she did not come to see me. I was informed that as she was eight years old she could no longer go out. I protested, promises were forthcoming, but Zora never appeared.

The years went by. Others claimed my friendship. I forgot Nejina. Zora became a faint memory.

Then one day I heard there was to be a wedding in the Onaman House. The bride was none other than Zora. She was to marry a young man whose father owned a well irrigated stretch of land on the fringe of the oasis where vegetables are grown for market. The youth passed my gate daily, enthroned on his mule laden with paniers of vegetables. I was overjoyed that Zora should make such a satisfactory marriage. It appeared that Red Beard had tried a year earlier, to sell her to a rich old man who had set aside the mother of his grown-up children. But Nejina had asserted her feeble will, and her brother, the schoolmaster, had negotiated this marriage with the son of a friend.

My feud with Red Beard made it impossible for me to share in the festivities of the Onaman House. I waited for the bride at midnight in the house of the bridegroom. According to custom her arrival was heralded by a volley of gunfire. Instantly there was animation among the hitherto rather somnolent women. They sprang to their feet and seizing in each hand a bunch of lighted candles, ranged themselves on either side of the bridal chamber doorway. They were all glittering with gold and brilliant colours. The bride, a bundle of red damask, was carried in on the back of a negress and deposited on the bridal bed to face the man she had never seen. The negress, closing the door upon the wedding couple, squatted down outside to wait. As soon as the marriage was consummated the bridegroom would emerge from the room and fire a gunshot into the yard. The whole village listened for that shot. If it were fired within five minutes, the bridegroom would receive the congratulations of the men. If in an hour it had not been fired, the elder women of the family would beat on the door and shout insults.

Poor little Zora. I prayed that he might be kind. I longed to see the girl I had loved as a child, but I could not bear to see her under wedding circumstances. I preferred to wait for the traditional reception five days later.

That day the crowd almost equalled the wedding crowd. I made my way over the encumbered floor to where Zora was squatting on a multi-coloured carpet. She held a large red silk handkerchief to her face. This was customary on the wedding night; but five days later it was not usual to be overwhelmed by shyness. Someone nudged her and said *Ingles*. The hand dropped, and the little familiar face, so pale, and still so childlike, blinked at me through half closed eyes that I remembered so big, so smiling :

"Zora !" My tone was a mixture of surprise and dismay. She pulled me to her, frail arms clasped around my neck, she pressed her cheek hard against mine :

"Maama !"

The child was still a child, she had scarcely grown.

"But Zora——"

And foolishly we found we were both crying, but smiling too.

"It is nothing", she explained, "it is the light—but I shall get used to it in time".

The tears were pouring down her cheeks.

"Light ! You call this light" ?

"It is light after the dark—the dark room in my *halouf* uncle's house".

"But you haven't always been in that room" ?

She nods, smiling. Still I protest :

"But Zora—not *all* the time, not—not ever since——?"

I was suddenly overwhelmed by self-reproach, by a sense of neglect and responsibility :

"Six years ! Six years in a dark room——"

She dabbed her eyes :

"I shall get used to the light, already I'm much better", and then confidentially, "my husband is so kind, he lets me walk in the garden at night."



## SECRETS OF THE ATOM

### *Work of the Cavendish Laboratory*

BY J. W. N. SULLIVAN

THE recent gift by Sir Herbert Austin of £250,000 to the Cavendish Laboratory promises to be of the greatest importance, not only to pure science but, more remotely, to applied science. Doubtless benefactions have been given, at one time or another, for almost every kind of human activity, but so far as science is concerned, one calls to mind most readily the endowment of cancer research and the huge sums that have been given, particularly in America, for the construction of giant telescopes. In the case of cancer research, the endowment is for an object with which everyone is in obvious sympathy. And the attempt to peer farther into space, to learn yet more of those vast and strange hosts that surround us is, although one of the least practical of scientific activities, also one of the greatest popular interest. To the layman, however, the work being done at the Cavendish Laboratory is less obviously practical than medical research and less obviously romantic and enthralling than astronomy. Yet it presents both features, and presents them in abundance.

The Cavendish Laboratory is the most famous school of physical research in the world. Since its inception, not so very long ago, no other one scientific institution has contributed so much to the creation of modern science. Its four successive directors, Maxwell, Rayleigh, Thomson, Rutherford, have all been men of the highest scientific distinction. Indeed, its first director, Clerk Maxwell, the creator of the electro-magnetic theory of light, is one of the greatest names in the history of science.

The branch of scientific work with which the Cavendish is most closely associated is experimental research on the structure

of the atom. The modern period began with Sir J. J. Thomson's discovery of the electron. He showed that the atom, which had always been considered to be an ultimate, indivisible entity, was made up of particles very much smaller than itself, and further research showed that these particles are wholly electrical in their nature. Lord Rutherford, who became Sir J. J. Thomson's successor, showed experimentally how these particles are arranged within the atom, and the great modern atomic theory was born. This theory, with its various ramifications, may justly be called the most important thing in modern physics. It is, even more than the Relativity Theory, responsible for the great change that has taken place in the scientific outlook. And, besides its profound theoretical importance, it contains within itself altogether unexampled practical possibilities. Indeed, it may be said that, from any point of view, no more important investigation has ever been undertaken by science since Newton first showed that the universe is an orderly whole.

For some time after the first burst of experimental activity the development of atomic theory lay chiefly in the hands of the mathematicians. The kind of atomic structure that was revealed by Rutherford's experiments was found to be theoretically impossible, that is to say, it was found to violate the accepted laws of electro-dynamics. An atom constructed in the way that Rutherford's experiments indicated would not be able to exist for more than a minute fraction of a second. According to this theory of matter the material universe ought to have vanished long ago.

This was the state of affairs when Niels Bohr, of Copenhagen, came forward with his revolutionary suggestion. He suggested that the hitherto accepted laws of nature did not hold in the interior of an atom. Further, he enunciated a new set of laws which not only accounted for the stability of the atom, but which also accounted for certain well-known and important phenomena which had never been explained before. The correspondence between Bohr's calculations and experimental results was, indeed, so striking, that his theory was universally adopted. The theoreticians now played the leading role.

The root idea of Bohr's new theory did not originate with him. It had been put forward, some years before, by Max

Planck, whose theory was that changes do not take place in nature in a *continuous* manner. Nature proceeds from one state to another by finite jumps. All energy interchanges, for instance, take place by *quanta*. But, in every case, the energy consists of atoms, and less than one atom cannot take part in any natural process.

This was the general idea that Bohr applied to the structure of the atom of matter. Rutherford had pictured the atom as a miniature solar system, consisting of a nucleus round which electrons circulated. But, on the old theory, the circulating electrons should be continually radiating energy and continually approaching the nucleus. Ultimately they would combine with the nucleus, and the whole atom would vanish in a flash of radiation. But according to Bohr's quantum theory of the atom none of this would happen. The circulating electrons could revolve round the nucleus only at certain definite distances from it, and they would perform these revolutions without radiating any energy. They would sometimes jump from one orbit to another, and in the jump they would send out or receive one quantum of energy.

Nevertheless, as the theory was developed it became less and less satisfactory, until, by 1925, it was recognised by Bohr himself that it had definitely run its course and that no amount of tinkering with it could save it. Certain experimental results, not in themselves very startling, had proved to be unexplainable by any modification of the Bohr theory. An entirely new outlook was required.

The theoreticians proved equal, or very nearly equal, to this new demand. The main lines, at any rate, of the new outlook have been laid down. But the change made necessary in our fundamental conceptions is really profound. Matter, from being the most familiar thing in our experience, has become almost the most mysterious. On the new theory the ultimate constituents of matter, the electrons, are no longer picturable. They are like nothing of which we have any experience. The older conception of them was as particles. We could conceive of them as possessing definite locations and as moving along definite paths through space. The Prince de Broglie then made the brilliant suggestion that the electron could be likened, in



certain important respects, to a system of waves. This idea has been found to be very fruitful. What is called "the wave theory of matter" has proved to be very powerful.

But the electron, on this theory, is not represented merely as a system of waves. Such a change-over in our ideas would be simple enough, for we are as familiar with waves as we are with particles. The puzzle arises when we find that the electron has both properties; it behaves both as a wave and as a particle. When electrons are fired on to a fluorescent screen they make irregular impacts all over it, just as a shower of rain drops might do. When they are fired through a crystal on to a photographic plate they produce diffraction rings on the plate very similar to those produced by X-rays. These diffraction rings, which prove that X-rays are waves, prove also that electrons are waves. But while X-rays behave as waves quite consistently, electrons, as we have seen, behave also as particles. As Eddington has said, we can combine the words "wave" and "particle"—as in "wavicle"—but we cannot combine the ideas.

Until recently there were supposed to be only two different constituents of the atom, the electron and the proton. The proton differs from the electron in being a charge of positive electricity, whereas the electron is a charge of negative electricity, and the proton also has a much greater mass. The proton is nearly 2,000 times heavier than the electron. But recently the atom has been found to be a far more complicated entity. Some years ago Rutherford bombarded the atoms of certain elements with the heavy Alpha particles which are shot out by the disintegrating radium atom. In some cases he was able to disintegrate the bombarded atoms. Twenty years later, in 1932, Dr. Chadwick, at the Cavendish Laboratory, discovered an entirely new constituent of the atom by this method. The German physicists, Bothe and Becker, had discovered that when the element beryllium was bombarded by Alpha particles a very penetrating radiation was emitted. This radiation, as they assumed it to be, could pass through several inches of lead, a thing no known particle could do. The daughter of Madame Curie, and her husband, M. Joliot, investigated these radiations, and reached some very interesting conclusions. They found that these rays from beryllium could knock protons out of other

atoms with tremendous force. In fact, the force displayed was so great that the Curie-Joliot's concluded that the law of the conservation of energy must be violated in these phenomena.

This very startling conclusion was shown by Chadwick to arise from the initial supposition that the beryllium waves are rays. Now Chadwick was familiar with the idea, put forward as a speculation by Rutherford twelve years before, that there may exist entities as heavy as a proton, but possessing *no* electric charge. It occurred to him that the beryllium rays consisted of just such particles. If this were true it would account for the immense penetrating power of the beryllium rays without necessitating the violation of the law of the conservation of energy. For owing to their own absence of electric charge such particles would be immune from the electric attractions of the atoms amongst which they passed. It would be only when they actually collided with other bodies that their paths would be diverted.

This hypothesis was found to explain satisfactorily all the observed experimental results, and the existence of the "neutron", as this unelectrified particle is called, is now accepted. The neutron, although manifesting no electric charge, is no exception to the rule that all matter is composed of electricity. It is supposed to consist of a proton and an electron in very close combination. Its mass is about the same as that of a proton, for the electron, being about 2,000 times lighter, makes very little difference. But the electric charge of an electron is of the same magnitude as that of a proton, although of opposite sign. The electron and proton are so close that they mask one another's electric charge, and therefore the neutron behaves as if it were unelectrified.

The neutron is not the only new constituent of the atom that has been recently discovered. The positron, the electrical opposite of the electron, has been discovered. It is of the same mass as the electron, but consists of positive instead of negative electricity. The existence of this entity was deduced some years ago by Dirac, of Cambridge, on mathematical grounds. But experimental evidence for its existence has only been obtained recently. One reason for this is that the positron lasts only for a very minute fraction of a second. Almost immediately it

appears it unites with an electron, and the two vanish in a flash of radiation.

Yet another entity that has been recently discovered is the atom of heavy hydrogen. The nucleus of an atom of ordinary hydrogen consists of one proton. The nucleus of the heavy hydrogen atom that has been recently discovered consists of two protons and one electron. Thus heavy hydrogen has twice the atomic weight of ordinary hydrogen. Heavy hydrogen, like ordinary hydrogen, combines with oxygen to form water, and the water it so forms is heavy water. It has a rather higher freezing point and a rather higher boiling point than ordinary water, and it is fatal to some forms of animal and of vegetable life that flourish in ordinary water. Yet heavier and more complicated forms of hydrogen and water are known, and their properties are being actively investigated. A certain percentage of these waters is to be found in ordinary water, and it may be that their properties are of great biological importance.

The discovery of new atomic constituents is one of the most striking features of modern experimental research. Another is the development of a technique for the artificial bombardment of atoms. Rutherford was the first to show that atoms could be disintegrated by bombarding them with the heavy particles shot out by radium. Radium emits three sorts of radiations,  $\alpha$ -rays,  $\beta$ -rays, and  $\gamma$ -rays. The  $\alpha$ -rays are really the nuclei of helium atoms, made up of four protons and two electrons. The  $\beta$ -rays are electrons. The  $\gamma$ -rays are not particles at all, but very short and penetrating X-rays. The massive helium nuclei are shot out from radium at a speed of several thousand miles per second and, when they score a direct hit on another atom, they can sometimes disintegrate it.

But we are not now dependent on radium and helium nuclei. Besides helium nuclei we can now employ protons, neutrons, and the nuclei of heavy hydrogen as our projectiles. And in employing these we are not dependent on natural processes, such as the discharge from radium. In 1932 Drs. Cockroft and Walton succeeded at the Cavendish Laboratory in disrupting atoms of lithium by bombarding them with protons moving with a very high velocity. This velocity was produced artificially by causing the protons to pass through an intense electric



field. The apparatus used in these experiments could produce something like one million volts and required the latest technical resources for its construction.

For instance, the tubes through which the protons are shot in these experiments must be exhausted of air. Very efficient and rapidly operating pumps are required for this purpose if any considerable number of experiments are to be performed. Also, the transformers and condensers, etc., used in such apparatus must be of the highest class, as must the insulating materials necessary to support such enormous voltages. And yet the maximum voltage that could be produced by this apparatus—about 800,000 volts—is comparatively low.

It is one of the most remarkable things about these experiments that they should be successful with such small voltages. Judging from the radium experiments it would have been supposed that a field of several million volts was required. And the energy released by the bombarded atoms was altogether greater than the energy of the bombarding particles. Fortunately the mathematicians have cleared up these points, and were it not for their work it is probable that Drs. Cockroft and Walton would never have undertaken their experiments. Einstein showed that mass is an extremely concentrated form of energy. An ounce or so of matter, if changed into energy, could drive a large liner across the Atlantic. The energy of the bombarded atoms, in Cockroft and Walton's experiments, came from this source. The change in the disintegrated atom was attended by a loss of mass, and it was this mass which appeared as the additional energy of transformation. Cockroft and Walton had, indeed, been successful in artificially changing mass into energy.

Such atomic transformations are, as we have said, the greatest of all sources of energy. But these experiments are very far from being a *practical* method of obtaining such energy. In the first place, only about one in a thousand million of the bombarding particles scores a sufficiently direct hit on the bombarded substance to cause a transformation. And, of the total energy expended by the machine, only a comparatively small fraction is used in accelerating the bombarding particles. Nevertheless, these experiments have shown that man has the power of artificially changing matter into energy, and the possible practical

consequences of such a discovery cannot be estimated.

But apart altogether from such consequences these experiments are of the greatest scientific importance. Every new bombarding particle that has been used has produced fresh phenomena. Still faster particles and more intense collisions will doubtless reveal to us yet unknown phenomena. The necessary apparatus, where every detail has to be as nearly perfect as possible, is expensive ; and scientific institutions and scientific men are seldom wealthy. Lord Rutherford has said, of Sir Herbert Austin's gift : " The first use of the money will be to build a laboratory for the utilization of very high voltages in order to carry out experiments on the transmutation of matter by high speed particles and by radiation ". And, as we have said, this purely scientific research may contain within itself practical consequences of altogether inestimable importance.

More immediately practical consequences may be expected from the recent discovery that radio-activity may be artificially induced in many substances. Under the influence of various bombarding particles various substances can be made to emit radiations, and it is found that they go on emitting these radiations for some time after the bombardment has stopped. Helium nuclei, protons, heavy hydrogen nuclei, neutrons, have all proved effective in inducing radio-activity. The radio-active substance sometimes shoots out positrons and sometimes electrons. Further, Cockroft and Walton have shown that their artificially accelerated protons can be used to produce radio-activity. There is a distinct possibility, therefore, that medical science will not always be dependent on rare and costly natural supplies for its radium compounds.

Such are some of the recent researches with which the Cavendish Laboratory has been most closely associated. Their theoretical and possible practical importance cannot be over-rated. And they have now reached a stage, as we see, when large and costly apparatus is necessary for their further prosecution. Sir Herbert Austin's great gift comes at a particularly opportune moment.

## MAY IN THE WOODS

BY H. E. BATES

WITH the wild cherry in full blossom, the primroses at their fullest floppy lushness and the smoke of bluebells obscuring and finally putting out the fritillary lamps of the anemones, there is no longer any doubt about the wood or the spring. They have become synonymous, full of tree blossom and ground blossom and the incessant passion and passage of birds. The wood is alive as it never will be again. It is still a month from the middle of summer, trees are still more branch than leaf and all day long the birds have no interval of silence at all. And if the full frenzy of song, which nightingale and blackbird make in the drowsy hay-noons of early June, has not been reached, there is a clarity and a shouting of bird life everywhere that is like a silver mocking of winter. The wood is full of it.

There is an everlasting restlessness everywhere. When there is no singing or flight or nest-building there are passion interludes of mating : the fierce pursuit of blackbirds, the fickle beckoning and twittering of chaffinches, hen dancing and simpering from many cocks, cocks fighting, the chosen mate taking his fierce little thrill at last, a rosy-breasted gladiator taking his spring prize.

Along the ridings the cock pheasants strut like painted warriors, arrogant and scarlet and bold with the mating fearlessness. The hens are quiet and invisible somewhere among the bluebell-pierced blanket of sweet-chestnut leaves, nesting close, so close and toning so miraculously with that silvery brownness of leaves that they escape, sometimes, even the eyes of keepers, miracle enough in itself. You come upon them, quite often, in bold and unexpected places, almost stepping on either hen or eggs, the eggs having that same silvery brownness as the back feathers. But if she sits it is the lightning flick of the black-brown eye that betrays her : the sudden blink and the



swift nipping cock-up of the head, only momentary and done in a flash, but somehow too quick and electric for the stir of a leaf. And even then, found, she will still sit there, tight and fearless, feathers down-smoothed, eyes still, head ruckled down into the crinkled cringing neck, still sitting there and still sitting until something, when it seems that she never will move, startles her at last into crazy and ridiculous flight and the revelation of the nest and its almost hot eggs.

They are almost the only eggs in the wood. Pigeons will build in the birches, later. Kingfishers and moor-hens nest with regularity just beyond the wood-edge, in the bank of the river. There is report of a wood-cock and there are a few odd black-birds and thrushes in the chestnut stumps and faggot-dumps left by the wood-cutters. But this whole wood, six or seven acres of it, like so many other woods, can show only a tenth part of the nest-life of the open hedges in the lane.

But if there is no paradise of nests there is, just now, at the lower end of the wood, on a stretch of marshy ground dotted about with big sallows, a paradise of flowers. The lamps of kingcups and the extinguished lamps of lady-smocks burn now everywhere on the open clearing of marsh. Red orchis are coming out among the unbudding bluebells—or rather they are not red, but a pinkish magenta, varying a great deal in colour, as they do in size. They are the kingfingers of children. So what with kingfingers and king-cups and king-fishers and lady-smocks the wood in May has its own royalty.

It is, in fact, for children a royal place. To them it must seem an immense kingdom, the boundaries of which they can never quite grasp. Its trees are almost supernaturally vast; even the hazels are great. To a child there is something about it all, in fact, that is not quite real. It belongs very nearly to the world of the unknown. A field can be seen and understood and explored. Whereas in a wood the wood is very much hidden by the trees: there are countless darknesses, unknown places. It is an exploration into the unknown. It is at once a joyful and fearful place. Children are never frightened in fields, except by cows or by the hostile appearance of irate farmers. But they are often frightened in woods: by the very mystery and seclusion of the place; by the sudden soft hushing of leaves,

by the magnified echoes of feet, by the leaping up of rabbits, by the savage sudden screechings of unknown birds.

They are things which, in broad daylight, mean nothing to us. But night changes them, or it changes us. A wood at night, or even more at twilight, is a strange place. Fear begins to come more quickly in a wood, with darkness and twilight than in any other place I know. I have been in a wood gathering violets or orchis or primroses in the late evening, when the sudden realisation of twilight coming down has sent a sudden damnable running of cold up my spine, and I have half-run out of the place. And that feeling is common. The path through this wood of ours in the lane is public ; it leads from one village to another. It is used a good deal by day. But there is a precious little use of it by night, except by the local poacher. People will not use it. " Damned if I've much on that old wood at night. Lumme if I ain't glad when I get out of that place."

What is it ? Why is it ? It is not simply darkness. We grow used to darkness. It can only be some quality in trees themselves. They impinge on us, hypnotize us more or less by the new fantastic shape that darkness has given them. At one period of my life I did much walking by night : long vigorous walks out of the town into the surrounding country. It was a country that was almost treeless, but if I walked far enough I reached woods. Reaching them, I used to turn back. They had some powerful quality of darkness, some awful intimidating blackness that I could not face. I have been in woods too by day when I have been glad to get out of them again, to see the sky. It may indeed be that shutting out of the sky that feeds fear. There is an extraordinary comfort in the sight of the sky, of clouds and sun by day, of starlight especially by night. Space and distance kill fear at once. It flourishes on littleness and confinement, and it is in the little spaces under the confined branches of woods that it flourishes at times almost into terror.

But if I have sometimes been glad to leave a wood by day I have oftener been sorry. I sat once in a wood on the north border of Bedfordshire, in April, by a keeper's hut, eating an orange. It was perfect weather, quiet and sunny, with a little windy blowing about of the hazels. I had walked up the wood, along still ridings, seeing more primroses and also more oxlips,

which are rather like wild polyanthus, than I had ever seen before or in fact than I have ever seen since. By the keeper's hut there was a biggish pool. Overshadowed by trees, it looked like a stretch of black glass. All over the place was a windy clapping and brushing of bare ash and hazel and, every time the wind turned, a great breath of primrose scent.

Suddenly there was an unexpected stirring about the pool : a flicker of brown, almost fawn, and then another and another. The first I took for a rabbit. Even about the second I had some doubt. After the third and fourth and fifth I had no doubt : they were young fox-cubs. They came tumbling up out of the holes in the pond-bank, in and out, up and down, rolling over and over, playing an endless game of chivvy with each other, until I could count thirteen. As a boy I once held a lion-cub in my hands : he was a fawny gold and like plush, a wonderfully soft golden cat with a sleepy blinking face. Those fox-cubs playing in the wood were very like him : so many little fawny-gold cats playing with a kind of pretty devilry up and down the banks of the pool, running out into the primroses, doubling back, rolling each other over, their soft fur all the time ruffled and rosetted by the light wind, until they seemed like the prettiest creatures in the world.

I sat there for a long time, watching them. The wind was just right, blowing from them to me, and they never suspected my presence. They were endlessly fascinating, tireless in their own devilries, lovely with their sun-coloured fawn and their grace of movement up and down that steep bank, on the edge of the water. And finally I had only myself to blame for upsetting it all. Not satisfied, I moved nearer, slowly and as I thought, quite soundlessly. I got much nearer, stood still. I could see them better. They had no suspicion of me. Then, in a moment, I moved on again. I made no sound. But in a second they were all arrested, electrically, in alarm. They stopped for a single second, cocked their heads, and gave one look at me. In another moment they had gone tumbling down like golden balls into the dark fox-holes, out of sight. And I have never, by some damnable chance, seen a fox-cub since.



## RUSSIA-RUMANIA : A SYMBOLIC BRIDGE

BY RICHARD FREUND

FRANCE'S eastern allies have always attached importance to the Rhineland demilitarized zone because of the restraint it placed on any possible German adventure eastwards : for Germany could not make a frontal attack in the East so long as her back door stood open in the West. Now that the zone has been re-occupied, Czechoslovakia and Rumania look to Russia, whose stature has grown greatly in the eyes of Central Europe since she joined the League of Nations ; while France, having ratified her pact with the Soviet Union, is herself anxious to make the fullest use of her new friend as a guarantor of peace. Like Czechoslovakia, with her parallel pact, she has a major interest in providing geographical ways and means by which she and her allies may receive and give assistance in all possible contingencies.

But the Soviet Union has no common frontier with Germany ; Poland is stubbornly unwilling to play the part of bridge for Soviet troops in any scheme of mutual assistance in the East of Europe. Rumania thus becomes the only route by which the Soviet Union can assist the Czechs or strike at Germany's frontiers in case of an attack on France. Both French and Czechs may be expected to use all their influence in favour of a Soviet-Rumanian Pact to supplement the pacts which they themselves have signed. If and when such a pact is made on the French model, Russia and Germany will virtually have a common frontier and the whole balance of forces in the East of Europe will be profoundly modified.

A pact between Rumania and the Soviet Union would mean much more than any pact of the same kind concluded between normal neighbours. Bitter hostility divided these two former allies after 1918, when Rumania recovered the Bessarabian province she had lost in 1812. For sixteen years the Dniester

river frontier between Rumania and Soviet Russia was "dead". Save for a steady dribble of refugees, no train or ferry ever crossed the river. Only desperate fugitives, flying from Russia to the capitalist paradise or from Rumania to the socialist Eden, dared face the bullets of the frontier guards. Many lost their lives ; others succeeded—though it is not recorded whether they found what they were hoping to find.

The long steel bridge between Tighina and Tiraspol, the principal link between Russia and South Eastern Europe, had been blown up in the Russian civil war. Its twisted skeleton alone remained, a funeral monument to a long dead past of prosperous trade. Some years ago the Russian half of the great bridge was reconstructed to the middle of the river ; it was a strange sight from the Rumanian side. Whether it symbolized a menacing fist or an appealing outstretched hand, the half-built bridge pointed towards Rumania. Rumania was unresponsive to the gesture ; she saw only the menace from the Russian shore.

As long ago as 1921, when the then Rumanian Premier, M. Vaida-Voevod, was in London, he was encouraged by Mr. Lloyd George to negotiate with M. Chicherin for a liquidation of Soviet-Rumanian differences. It was suggested that Rumania should recognize the Soviet government and, in return, that Soviet Russia should accept Rumanian sovereignty over Bessarabia, the frontier province which Rumania had recovered as the unexpected fruits of the world war. But M. Vaida-Voevod reckoned without M. Bratianu, the powerful leader of the Liberal party in Rumania, who at that time agreed with M. Clemenceau in wishing to enclose the Soviet Russian outlaw with a rigid *cordon sanitaire*. The Premier suddenly received a telegram from Bucharest, informing him that his government had resigned ; Bratianu's influence with the palace had upset him.

All subsequent attempts to ease relations foundered on the Bessarabian rock. The Soviet Union would not recognize the plebiscite by which Rumanian sovereignty had been established in a province Russia had possessed from 1812 to 1917. Rumania refused to treat at all unless this fundamental point were first conceded. She had the less desire to treat because her whole

position had been greatly strengthened by alliances with France, with Poland, and her partners of the Little Entente, all of them Powers which feared and hated Soviet Russia. The door between the neighbours remained barred and bolted. The Bessarabian cultivators were the immediate sufferers ; they were shut off from the established Russian market for their grain and fruit and wool.

Much water had flowed down the Dniester when in 1933 the ice began to break. A diplomatic revolution followed from the accession of Herr Hitler to supreme control in Germany and from the consequent transformation of the foreign policy of Soviet Russia. Rumania's attitude has been profoundly changed by the re-grouping among friends and enemies on the altered European scene. By stages she has felt her way towards a new relationship with Soviet Russia. The basis of an understanding was established during the World Economic Conference of 1933 in London by MM. Titulescu and Litvinov. They signed a non-aggression pact, embodying the comprehensive "definition of the aggressor", devised by M. Politis, the Greek Minister in Paris. In laying down that any attack upon the territory of a sovereign state amounted to aggression, this pact defines a state as sovereign in the territory it *de facto* occupies.

With such a document in his pocket, M. Titulescu did not have to press for an explicit recognition of the Bessarabian plebiscite. It was now possible for Rumania to establish diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. In 1934 M. Ostrovski, bland, inscrutable, observant, made his appearance as the first Soviet Minister in Bucharest ; M. Ciuntu went to Moscow for Rumania. Soon after work was started on the Rumania half of the Dniester bridge. On October 18, 1935, the first train steamed across with goods and passengers after an interval of more than sixteen years. The symbolical importance of this event quite escaped attention in Western Europe, which is hardly surprising, as it occurred at the height of the sanctions crisis. But in Rumania these significant developments were hailed as the precursors of a wider understanding. During the spring of 1935, when France and Czechoslovakia were negotiating for their pacts of mutual assistance with the Soviet Union, it was confidently predicted that M. Titulescu was on the point



of visiting Moscow to conclude a similar pact. But here Rumanian internal conditions intervened ; the Foreign Minister was held back by the resistance of the palace and the parties of the Right.

For M. Titulescu must still reckon with strong Rumanian opposition to any policy of *rapprochement* with Soviet Russia. King Carol has a natural dislike for Communists who killed a fellow-monarch and have in the past worked hard for revolution in Rumania. The mixed groups of the Right—the anti-Semites, Transylvanian Germans and “National Christians”—have strong affinities with Nazi Germany and a corresponding hatred of the Soviets. More moderate statesmen of the Right, such as M. Filipescu, once a leader in the movement which impelled Rumania to join the Allied side in the Great War, and M. George Bratianu, a nephew of the “Liberal” boyar who represented Rumania at Versailles, fear the implications of a pact which might transform Rumania into a corridor for Soviet troops. Anxious to maintain Rumania’s freedom of action, they even question the wisdom of her commitments to the Little Entente. Finally, no Rumanian can easily overcome his deep distrust of the gigantic neighbour, who was helped by the Rumanians to win the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-1878 and showed her gratitude by taking yet another slice of Bessarabia. As recently as last November and last March M. Titulescu thought it necessary to reassure these sections of opinion by twice declaring in the Chamber that a mutual assistance pact with Soviet Russia was outside the aims of the Rumanian Government’s official policy.

The grievances and interests and passions of the Rumanians have been cleverly exploited by those foreign Powers which at all costs desire to block a further *rapprochement* between the Soviet Union and Rumania. Poland, which formerly encouraged better understanding between her two neighbours, does not now wish to see her Rumanian ally bound to the Soviets on terms which she herself has hitherto consistently rejected. Germany has sought by every means within her power to weaken the connections of Rumania with France and with the Little Entente ; still more to hinder any closer bond with Soviet Russia. As in all countries of South-Eastern Europe, she has turned her position

as a leading purchaser and debtor to good purpose ; impoverished Rumania could not, it seemed, afford to irritate a people who had bought so much on credit. German capital has gained control over many Rumanian businesses, from soya bean concessions to the famous copper and silver mines in Transylvania whose produce once financed the Emperor Charles V.

France did not choose to bid against the Germans in the economic field, and at the same time lost political influence by the apparent slackening of her loyalty to the alliance. At Easter, 1934, M. Barthou had declared that France " would without hesitation employ every one of her soldiers to protect her eastern allies " ; he had been rewarded with the unique title of " citizen of honour " of Rumania. M. Laval seemed less reliable to Bucharest. The short-lived French flirtation with the Habsburgs and the delay in ratifying the agreement with the Soviets confirmed Rumanian uneasiness during 1935 and strengthened opposition to the policy of close collaboration with both France and Soviet Russia. France seemed to be trifling with ideas which no Rumanian could stomach, possibly even with the notion of a reconciliation with Germany at the expense of Eastern and South-Eastern Europe. If France herself was losing interest in the policy of friendship with the Soviets, Rumania must think twice before pursuing such a policy on her own. Hence a gradual but steady strengthening of the German position in Rumania.

The new year brought new counsels to Paris, where M. Laval was overthrown ; it brought a corresponding change in the Rumanian attitude. King Carol's doubts and fears were partially allayed by French example and French cordiality in Paris during February. France has at last made up her mind to use her post of vantage as a major creditor and big potential customer to counter Germany's economic influence. On February 7 she signed a trade treaty with Rumania which, by increasing the Rumanian import quotas, should make it possible for Rumania to clear off arrears of debt to France and, at the same time, place large orders with French armament firms. During the next twelve years France is to take an annual maximum of 750,000 tons of Rumanian oil. That is a quarter as much again as Germany took last year, and would make France by far the largest buyer of Rumanian oil. If this agreement bears the

promised fruit, it should do much to smooth the road along which France is hoping that Rumania will follow her. No doubt she will continue to urge Rumania to conclude a pact with the Soviet Union ; preferably a pact providing for the transit of Soviet troops to Czechoslovakia.

It goes without saying that the Germans will interpret such a pact as one more stone in the encircling wall which they see rising round them. German suspicions will be all the greater the more fully French and Czechoslovak hopes are realized. Should Rumania agree to grant the Soviet army or air force a right of way in certain contingencies, Germany will feel that Soviet Russia has advanced her frontier to the Sudeten mountains, within easy striking distance of industrial Saxony, the heart of the Reich.

At the mere rumour of a Soviet-Rumanian pact last year Germany blazed up in anger and alarm. The result was a series of ostentatious confabulations with Hungarian and Polish generals—the famous “ hunting parties,” which set the English papers guessing—at which schemes of military and air co-operation were discussed. These talks came to nothing, but they showed which way the wind will blow if and when the pact becomes a reality. A revival of Rumanian-Soviet negotiations will certainly find Germany attentive and alarmed. The recent agreement for the transit of Soviet and Czech civilian aeroplanes across Rumanian territory seems to the Germans dangerously like a precedent, on which a military convention might be modelled.

Observers cannot overlook these implications of a treaty which might seem to promise so much for the consolidation of peace in Eastern and Central Europe. A Rumanian-Soviet pact would be the corner-stone of the fabric of collective security of which the late M. Barthou sketched out the general design. But when it has been hoisted into place, Germany will see the fortress which it crowns as a gigantic menace.



## VIENNA WORKERS CARRY ON

BY JOHN LEHMANN

THE effects of National-Socialism in Germany on literature, the theatre and culture in general have received ample publicity abroad. This is not surprising, seeing that the Nazi leaders make no secret, are indeed proud of, their astonishing efforts. The more subtle methods, however, by which the Heimwehr-Catholic leaders have endeavoured to influence, ideologically, the minds of their Austrian subjects, are not so well-known. The quiet and caution with which changes have been introduced are characteristic, not merely of traditional Catholic methods, but also of the weak and divided position of the new regime when compared with that of Hitler's regime in Germany. Less sensationally proclaimed, their measures have been not only less drastic, but also, up to now, less successful in their results. At the same time the Government have won some not unimportant victories, and without rousing democratic opinion abroad in the blundering way their Fascist neighbours to the north so often and so fatally choose.

A story of the whole development since the collapse of Social-Democracy in Vienna is not only interesting as a contrast with Germany's development, but also because the Austrian proletariat even before the War had the reputation of being the most advanced culturally in Europe. The famous *Volksheime*, centres from which the whole workers' movement spread, had already been founded, the oldest (in Ottakring) in 1902. This reputation was not lost when Vienna became the capital after the War of a tiny Republic instead of a huge Empire. On the contrary, the advent to power of a strong, radically-minded municipal government, whose successful policy produced ample resources to finance their plans, gave the workers immensely increased opportunities of study and aesthetic enjoyment which they were quick to take advantage of. New *Volksheime* were built, and the number of worker-students leapt up sensationallly.

In addition to this, many *Arbeiterbüchereien* (Workers' Book-

shops) were started, generally forming part of the new tenement-houses. No one who has visited Vienna during the last ten years can fail to have been impressed by their ubiquitousness and their handsome appearance. These Libraries were from the beginning well patronised, and it was interesting to see that when unemployment began to increase after 1930, the number of members and the number of books read, instead of falling-off, increased as well. Foreign translations were popular, and apart from theoretical Socialist works, books by Gorki, Jack London, Upton Sinclair were among those which most rapidly grew torn and dirty.

But the activities of the new Workers' Education Centre was not confined to the provision of Libraries. The biggest tenement-houses were provided with halls for lectures, concerts, theatricals and film-shows, as in the *Volksheime*. Tickets at extremely reduced rates in the Viennese Theatres were bought for the workers—sometimes a whole evening was bought—an enormous variety of study courses arranged, and cheap holiday and educational trips into the provinces and abroad. Newspapers and magazines were issued covering all the arts, workers' choirs, workers' drawing and photographic societies sprang up.

This great and far-reaching organisation presented a difficult problem to the Dolfuss government. It was, for them, a dangerous centre of Marxist influence; but the masses had come to accept it as their right, it was not so easy to abolish. What actually happened after the February Rising? The *Volksheime* and the Libraries were of course closed down, the organization in all its branches, deprived of money and leaders, faded out. Most of the newspapers had already either been forbidden or had stopped publication owing to the censorship and financial difficulties in which the steady advance of Fascism had placed them. Then the Government—in which, one must remember, there had always been a more cautious Catholic element fighting an extremist Heimwehr element—saw that they could not leave it at that and still expect to win the masses over to their side. Slowly the *Volksheime* and the Libraries were reopened, after the most "dangerous" books, in a rather haphazard and incomplete way, had been sifted out, and new librarians had been installed.

But the Government found that practically no one came to the reopened Libraries. What was the reason? Had the Viennese ceased to want to read? Or had those who had previously been members all fled the country, or been killed or arrested? There is a story of an episode last year in a working-class district, which throws some light on this point. An enterprising business-man, running a private library not far from the official *Arbeiterbücherei*, decided to buy up all the remaindered copies of Kisch, Gorki, Sinclair, Babel, etc. he could find. In a very short while he was doing a roaring trade, while the *Arbeiterbücherei* remained empty. The state of affairs of which this episode is typical lasted for some time. In the end the Government began to give way; a freer choice of books was allowed, and the customers began slowly to come back to their old Libraries. At the same time the policy of sabotage was more or less officially given up by the illegal parties, who decided to re-enter the old associations in the new forms the Government was giving them, and agitate from within for their transformation.

One curious feature of the situation is the scarcity in the Libraries of the new anti-Nazi German literature, which one might have expected to have a place of honour. Is this because in the Police pro-Nazi sympathies are still stronger than the public knows, or the Government dares admit? There are many competent observers who hold this view.

What happened with the Workers' Libraries is on the whole typical of what happened elsewhere. Nevertheless the present organization offers the worker definitely less, and when the opportunity presents itself the Government will not fail to attempt to regularise and consolidate its influence. This is happening in the *Volksheime* at the moment; a new law is being prepared which will make it necessary, first for the teachers and lecturers to be examined beforehand in their patriotic and "Christian" attitude, and second for the programmes to be approved by the Minister of Education. There is likely to be considerable opposition to these measures, for the *Volksheime* are treasured by the Viennese and still crowded with eager worker-students of all ages, but it is clear that they are important for the



Government if they are to maintain or advance their ideological influence.

In the schools, Catholic and anti-Marxist penetration has been more determined and more successful. Prayers are a regular part now of the curriculum, crucifixes hang in every schoolroom. Schoolbooks are gradually being re-written from a "patriotic" and Catholic standpoint. Teachers are to undergo a longer and more exacting preparatory training in the same sense. The pre-military instruction which is being very quietly, step by step, introduced, and the establishment of work camps for Hochschule students in summer are typical of a certain tendency to imitate Nazi methods. And in innumerable other little ways, such as the new control of international student-exchange, the State is endeavouring to fill in the gaps in its power.

In the world of public theatres and entertainments, the new regime has also left its mark. Though considerably more can be seen and heard in Vienna than in Berlin or Munich, the Austrian capital suffers as a tourist centre—and to the attraction of tourists all efforts are directed—from its inability to show many of the most modern developments in plays and films, because they are more often than not revolutionary and anti-clerical in tendency. Again, open criticism of the Government or the existing order is taboo. But the Viennese do not easily allow their talent for witty satire to be suppressed. The severe unemployment among players, artists, composers, the emigration of Jewish artists from Germany, the lack of capital for big productions, have led to an enormous growth of cabarets in Vienna during the last three or four years. A cellar-room in one of the big cafés, with a little stage rigged up at one end, and the cabaret theatre is there. It just suits the taste of the Viennese: he pays only a tiny entrance fee, he can sit and sip his coffee or his beer and chat with his friends, and at the same time be entertained. It is here that fun is slyly poked at the Austrian Government, as well as the world in general, and sometimes a note of sharper criticism can be heard. The Nazis, armaments, the economic system, all come in for their share of the satire, not to mention the everlasting Austrian bureaucrat and the absurdities perpetrated in the name of tourist-propaganda. Significantly enough, such cabarets are only allowed in the

better-class districts ; attempts to open them in the working-class suburbs have been met by the police with a polite, but determined, refusal.

This resistance of the intellectuals is as interesting in its way as the resistance of the working masses to pressure, and shows once more that a victory by arms, particularly if afterwards the victors start to disagree among themselves and the vanquished to form a common front of opposition, is not always as decisive, even on a short view, as it looks.

## EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

### *A Monthly Commentary*

**M**R. HERBERT MORRISON, returning from the United States, reports that in the judgment of America England and France have "let Abyssinia down", and the League of Nations is ill-supported by Europe. We have no record that

**Retreat  
at Geneva**

Jean Jacques Rousseau interested himself further in the fate of the infants which it was his practice to deposit at the door of the Foundling Hospital, and America's concern for America's progeny is touching by comparison. When principles are laid down which may lead to embarrassing and even dangerous consequences, there is a certain wisdom in declaring retreat before danger is actually threatened. America had that wisdom, Europe was less prudent; for undoubtedly danger has threatened and there has been retreat. Mr. Eden, who has the great merit of speaking plainly, tells us that only one sanction could have been effective at once against Italy's enterprise—namely, closing of the Suez Canal; and that this was at once set aside, as likely to result in war. Presumably Italy intimated that if the Canal were closed she could seek another way to Abyssinia, through Egypt, and so ensure for the future access to her possession on the Red Sea. Since Egypt was undoubtedly regarded as a British interest, England took steps at once to protect it, and continued to lead the League in pressing for economic sanctions. It was publicly declared that if these economic measures became inconveniently stringent, Italy would regard them as a *casus belli*. France then being asked by England to guarantee military support in case Italy attacked the English fleet, most unwillingly agreed. For the sake of imposing on Italy's action hindrances which could not be rapidly effective, France was to quarrel with a valued ally, and also to risk seeing Toulon and Marseilles battered by air attack. Since in French eyes the danger to these important centres was graver than that to the English fleet, French diplo-



macy did its utmost to lessen the risk, and England blamed France for slackness.

Decision to close the Canal could have been taken far in advance, since Italy's action was no surprise ; and we do not know which of the two great Powers concerned decided against the one effective step. But, at all events, such action as was taken was half-hearted, and Italy's vigour made it of no account. Now, with complete disregard of all opinion but her own, Italy, thinking it as well to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, has declared complete annexation. Meantime, Germany, seeing the disarray of those forces which support public law in Europe, has seized her moment for another *coup de force*. This piece of law-breaking has evoked from England only the mildest protests : and it would be hard to say which of the two Great Powers that stand for law in Europe, France and England, is the more discontented with the other.

France is certainly concerned with the total disregard of all covenants shown by Italy rather than with the actual wrongfulness of conquest. To be quite plain, though feeling in France, and throughout Europe, has been on the side of the attacked, the Abyssinian campaign does not seem worse to Europe than England's war against the Boers appeared, less than forty years ago. The disparity in force between assailant and defendant has been no greater. This time, it is true, the conquest is undertaken in defiance of solemn pledges, and weapons have been used in it which were disavowed. But nobody in Europe has taken seriously the prohibition of gas (indeed, how should they ?), and as to the disregard of pledges, England's attitude to the German move shows that this also counts for little. Yet all that has happened makes it glaringly evident that if there is to be peace and stable order, peace lovers must stand together in defence of law ; since without law there is no freedom.

**Still No  
Leadership**

Unhappily leadership is in abeyance. France is changing her Government and though this would matter little, if the question were defence of French soil, it is very different when a new Ministry has to steer a new route on seas that are still uncharted. In England Mr. Baldwin for the moment appears to have lost

hold. These periodic weaknesses do not affect dictatorships and it is of ugly significance that just now a cleavage in the forces which stand for Austria's independence has been indecently manifested. Prince Starhemberg's private army seized an occasion for publicly exchanging insults and blows with the other organization that supports the Chancellor, Dr. Schuschnigg. As a result, the Chancellor has put an end to the sort of dual leadership, and reconstructed his Government without the Prince. He declares his purpose to disarm the Heimwehr and to unify the State's armed forces. But lack of unity is evident, and tempting to an aggressor. This is an awkward moment to offer temptations to Germany ; and any day may bring a new defiance to the League Powers.

There is no use in talking as if the Powers which defy the League are mere bandits. They stand for old virtues, the military virtues, which in the last two months have not surprisingly prevailed over the new. On one side of the conflict there have been devotion, sacrifice of personal well being, drastic preparedness in the physical sphere, even more drastic preparedness in the moral ; there has been vision, there has been prevision. From the standpoint which prevailed in Europe up to a generation ago, Italy's achievement and Germany's achievement have been glorious. These two Powers which maintain unchecked the old conception of patriotism have totally disproved one of the fallacies by which Europe has been duped into surrenders. We were told that threats of war would bring on war, and that war, undertaken anywhere, would mean universal war. We see now that a determined and well-prepared Power can achieve a limited object by force without hindrance from the general society of nations. It is true that some small obstacles were placed in Italy's way, but they were carefully graduated so as not to have decisive effect. Oil sanctions were, at a late stage, openly discussed when their efficacy was doubtful, and even in this case the threat of war was used—and did not lead to war. There is no doubt that Mr. Baldwin's government displayed prudence ; but this prudence had not extended to care for the possible effect on the future of Abyssinia. Meanwhile Germany, advised of this

**Prevision—  
by the Dictators**

predominance of prudence in English counsels, executed her admirably calculated *coup de force* ; with the result that all Europe stands gasping and asks where the military virtues will assert themselves next.

It comes down to this. If the military virtues are to be exercised only in the interests of one state, aggression will be limited only by the prudence of the strong.

**The League  
in Practice**

But if it is in the interest of all that generally accepted principles of justice and of freedom shall prevail, states must be willing to take risks even when their own immediate safety is not at issue ; the military virtues are needed to save society. There is no more reason to believe that a war to check aggression will become universal than that the attempt to arrest one burglar will lead to a *levée en masse* of all criminals. The social bond is stronger than the anti-social and that is why society holds together within national limits. The problem is, to extend the social bond outside those confines : and the difficulty is that democratic states are disinclined to commit themselves in advance to any line of action. In England, this disinclination amounts to positive refusal. Indeed (as a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* points out) the only states which really are in a position so to pledge their action are the dictatorially ruled ; and these, if pledged, have an awkward habit of dispensing themselves from obligations. Yet difficult or not, we are clearly at a pass when there must be organization to resist military aggression, for there are two great Powers in Europe whose whole discipline and training predispose them to it. The League today is only a danger to those who rely on it. Nobody is willing to invest it with sovereignty ; and yet when a Power—especially England—is called on for disinterested action, its tendency is to say that it will act only through the League and with the League ; and the machinery of the League has been found to provide infinite means for delaying action. In fact the only effective international resistance to criminal aggression was offered when Mussolini's divisions appeared on the Brenner. That action was taken without consultation of anybody : and though it supported the purposes of the League, it was without any special desire of the Duce to do so.



In the absence of a central sovereignty we come to necessity for a wardenship of certain areas, undertaken by the Powers directly concerned—or by remoter Powers who for their own reasons desire to maintain the liberty and life of certain states. England has already decided to supplement its general commitments under the League's covenant by a much less vague undertaking to protect the frontiers of France and Belgium—these Powers reciprocating. It is suggested that Holland should be included, and Germany has even proposed this. But, if it were proposed to guarantee also the existing frontiers of Denmark, and its national existence, would that be regarded as a plan of "encirclement" directed against Germany? Here, however, France might reasonably decline to enter in an arrangement which did not add to her own protection, because she is so largely committed already far away from her boundaries. She has throughout been determined to maintain the existence of those states which were brought back to their historic freedom after the war; yet it would be hard to find an instance in which any English spokesman thanked France for undertaking this task. It would be easy to find hundreds in which this was construed as a proof of France's desire for "hegemony." That phrase has for some time been dropped, and instead English observers speak about the "encirclement" of Germany.

What is the truth? In 1920, when Bolshevik Russia was on the point of destroying the revived Poland, England definitely refused assistance: France sent it. Yet later Poland detached itself from France and preferred to enter the orbit of Germany. There was no "hegemony" to prevent this. The states of the Little Entente cannot count on support from Poland, no longer acting with France: but they still look to France, who geographically is in no position to assist them. She has now strengthened their position, and especially that of the one most menaced, Czechoslovakia, by a pact with Russia. This is denounced by many in England as a new "encirclement" of the peaceful Germans. Yet there are other ways of looking at it. If tomorrow Germany were to attempt another *coup de force* on the Czech frontier, England would ring with enthusiasm for the work of Masaryk and for the democratic state which he created. But what else

would England do to help? It is true that such an attempt would not be easily carried out; the people whose Legion made that march through Russia are very tough; yet if Czechoslovakia were left to defend itself, even with the allied Danubian states assisting, there can be very little doubt of the end. The reason why that *coup de force* is not likely to be attempted can be found in the Franco-Russian Pact. It certainly cannot be found in the moral reprobation which would be incurred in England. Frankly, the British nation should extend its gratitude to those who will undertake a wardenship of frontiers that were set up in accordance with the ideals that prevailed in Europe after the War among the victors—that is, among the vast majority of European states. And on the face of things, one would say that Czechoslovakia's ideals are more like English ideals than the German ones—Masaryk's than Hitler's.

It is argued by some that to introduce Russian influence into the policy of Europe is to sow poison. Undoubtedly to many Russian ideals are as repellent as those of Nazi Germany or Fascist Italy; yet it has to be allowed that in free countries Russian ideas show a tendency to spread like those of the French Revolution. They are regarded as a message of hope. Even after the violent shock of Hitler's *coup*, France returns to her parliament some eighty Communists who do not conceal their affiliation to Russian doctrine. Germany and Italy, hermetically sealed against the infiltration of unacceptable ideas, may offer a useful barrier against the spread of this influence. Yet M. Blum may prove to be no worse a European than was Briand the Socialist. In any case it is clear that what France dreads most at the moment is the spread of Fascism—whether in the Italian or the German form.

If the stability of Europe is to be preserved, there are two main areas where vigilance is needed. One, indeed, is not limited to Europe, though all the Mediterranean coasts belong to the old Roman world—as certainly the Duce does not forget. Another, closely related to it, is the Danubian region, and here the menace

**Russian  
Influence**

**Danger  
Zones**

of disturbance is sharply felt. Even if England decides to refuse responsibility for maintaining and harmonising the results of Allied victory yet France, joined with England in wardenship on the West, is so far committed in this other region that England should at least study the facts. Assistance is offered by a new *Hungarian Quarterly* which proposes to give in each number a review of the Danubian situation. Mr. Andrew Frey, who contributes, writes with an unconcealed Hungarian bias; but he is lucid and penetrating. Roughly, the main fact is that M. Hodza, Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia, has sought to bring Austria into a "Danubian plan", by which her independence would be guaranteed by the Little Entente. Behind the Little Entente is the power of France, economically important, but France is in a military sense cut off: unhappily, it is no longer of importance to urge that France carries weight in the League of Nations. There is, however, Russia, now on close terms with the Czechs and bound to France by a Pact. All that stands between Czech and Austrian co-operation is the Habsburg question and the Czechs seem content to accept assurance that no restoration of the monarchy is near at hand. This, however, is far from contenting Belgrade, which desires formal repudiation of the old dynasty—towards which the Croat minority might be drawn. Further, Yugoslavia has a vehement distrust of Russia and refuses all diplomatic intercourse with the Soviets; whereas its economic relations with Germany are important. Rumania, less concerned about the Habsburg return, and strongly Francophile, is, however, also distrustful of Russia, whose claims in Bessarabia have never been given up. And unless Rumania accedes to a military convention for free passage of troops, Russia cannot in case of need bring aid to the Czechs.

On this view the Little Entente seems to lack solidity. If Yugoslavia, fearing Italy more than Germany, has no insuperable objection to the *Anschluss*, and Rumania, fearing Russia more than either Italy or Germany, prefers to keep Russia at arm's length, the position of Czechoslovakia threatens to become one of isolation. Meanwhile Italy with her new prestige aims at drawing close together the bonds between herself, Austria, and Hungary: and in this direction the Hungarians see their best hope of territorial revision. In short, if there is to be stability



in the Danubian area, it must be produced at present by support from outside ; and the only Great Power on the League's side which can intervene directly is barred access to the point of most danger.

The Royal Academy is commended this year for its general competence, and both pictures and sculpture are more than usually well displayed. In sculpture one is grateful for Mr. McMillan's statue of old Turner ; it is good to have a physical idea of that queerest

**A Competent  
Academy**

figure among great artists. Prominence is given to Lady Kennet's portrait bust of the Duke of York, a firmly modelled head of the kind of young man whom twenty years ago one would have picked out as a likely company commander. But the charming and unique thing here is Mr. Wheeler's " Aphrodite ", chiselled out of one block of alabaster. The slim lovely contours from neck to knee gain in beauty from that half-translucent stone—though the same artist's statuette of his wife proves that his art does not depend for its success on a rare medium. Among the painters, Mr. Munnings chooses to let us know that even if there were not a horse left in the world to paint, he could still find congenial subjects ; his study of an artist sketching is particularly full of light and air. Mr. Russell Flint's group of four Spanish girls singing out of doors is more than merely a beautiful composition : the figures, especially the two outer ones, have a life in their poise which lifts the whole out of the academic. Mr. Bishop and Mr. Terrick Williams again contribute covetable studies of English seaports ; but this year Mr. Bishop has gone back to Morocco, a country where his sensitive talent has always been most happily employed. Mr. Brockhurst's study in oils of his favourite model (" Armida ") is less happy than those of the last two years ; but the same figure (as " Drusilla ") treated in pencil is perhaps the most arresting thing in the exhibition.

On the whole, however, this is Dame Laura Knight's Academy ; she surprises by her vigour and versatility : the big picture of circus folk among the horses, the small study of ballet girls, the two nude girls (deposited as her diploma picture) all differ in treatment from her companion studies of fashionable crowds

at Ascot, seen as they move away ; and of the five kinds, this is the kind that I would prefer to live with.—It was interesting to pass out from Burlington House and find at Knoedler's in Bond Street a gathering of Berthe Morisot's work—a woman artist far inferior to Dame Laura in the presentation of form. But Berthe Morisot, like all her group, was really attempting to paint not form but light. Her brush flows over the canvas, and light flows after the brush. But life also is there, especially the intent life of childhood : whether the attention is fixed on something before the eyes, or turned inward to a child's meditation, there is always (even when little but a blob of paint appears on the canvas) an image of intense life.

One cannot leave the passing of a great poet without some salute. A. E. Housman published in his life a few hundred lines of verse and they are as well known as  
**A. E. Housman** FitzGerald's *Rubaiyat*—and perhaps higher rated by the best judges. We, the general readers, are told that he was not less remarkable as a scholar. I know only that while he was professor in London, a student, today a reputed scholar, went to his lectures expecting an enchantment ; after Housman's course was over, he declared that he had never known such gerund grinding. The classics had been treated as material for grammatical comment and textual criticism solely. Having read Housman's lecture on *The Nature of Poetry*, I should say that this austerity sprang from his conviction that literature was best assimilated if not talked about. Yet the writer of a letter to *The Times* refers to one occasion at Cambridge on which the professor, contrary to usage, proposed to his audience that they should employ the remaining five minutes of the time "in considering an ode of Horace as poetry" : and that as he recited to them the *Diffugere nives* his voice actually broke under the stress of his feeling for its beauty. That also is in accord with his observations on the physical effects of poetry : as for instance this : " Experience has taught me, when I am shaving of a morning, to keep watch on my thoughts, because, if a line of poetry strays into my memory, my skin bristles so that the razor refuses to act".

# THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

## PARALLELS OF HISTORY

By G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR

**CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY.**  
Vol. VIII. The Close of the Middle Ages. *Cambridge University Press.* 50s.

THE more history one reads, the clearer it becomes that it is very misleading to talk of ancient or medieval history ; for all history is an intimate part of the story of the present moment. This volume is the last of the great *Cambridge Medieval History* ; but it is packed with information which is of urgent value to every Member of Parliament, for example, who wishes to know in which lobby he should vote in the next division. Too often, alas, he entrusts his political soul to the keeping of the Party Whip. If he would, instead, consult the best historians, our national story would not be the persistent disaster or muddle it so often is.

Take the example of the present necessity of coming to some decision concerning our national armaments. In this volume before us is a chapter on the art of war in the later medieval period, by Sir Charles Oman, who has made a special study of the development of this branch of international crime. It is a clear explanation of the supremely important fact that the introduction of a new weapon (such as the long bow) or a fresh idea in the tactics of attack or defence, has repeatedly meant the supremacy or defeat of the nation that uses, or fails to use, its

armies in one or the other way. There was a time in medieval history when the English long bows could drive off the field of battle any troops that dared to stand before them.

Now, if our political representatives will take the trouble (and the pleasure—for brilliantly written history is a continual romance) to read this chapter on war, they will see how vitally necessary it is to come to the right decision in controversies as to the value of great battleships or smaller ; or, again, whether both are not trivial matters in the presence of aircraft. The historian has seen this problem of the new arm repeating itself with overwhelming effect time after time in the story of human affairs. It was a new weapon or a new method of tactics that made Macedonia or Rome or English bowmen or Swiss infantry, or some other power, for a brief time dominant in history.

If our legislators were well informed in the history of war through the ages, they would take two steps, with more alertness and intelligence than they show many signs of moving at present ; namely, they would consider as rapidly as possible some way of suppressing this crime of war, as other crimes are stamped out—by efficient police action, and the abolition of criminal impulses by efficient education. Secondly, as long as armed defence remains necessary, they would



see that we chose the right new weapons, and did not allow ourselves to be misled by the dull-witted military "dug-outs" who have so repeatedly led their peoples to disaster by clinging to obsolete methods. Let us read in medieval history how the French "high-command" allowed its victims to be repeatedly massacred at Crèci, Poitiers and Agincourt, before it realized that the knight-at-arms could not get near the long bow of the English yeoman.

There, again, is another lesson of history. It was the democratic long bow of England that beat the aristocratic armour of France. The advantage of the broad basis of democracy as against the perilous instability of top-weight dictatorship cannot be settled by rhetorical debates either in the Houses of Parliament or at street corners. The answer is to be found on the pages of history. Let the dictators and their gaseous advocates consider the patent fact that, as history measures time, the days of the dictators have been brief as the days of the flitting butterfly—and not nearly so lovely!

It is useless, of course, to attempt to give any adequate idea of the 1079 pages of this volume in any short review. One can only aim at enticing the reader to test its value and its pleasure. If the normal citizen is ever to be made an efficient governing member of his state, then the art and science of history will play a very great part in that education. It is often of far less importance to know the latest news from the capitals of Europe or America than to know what their inhabitants were doing several centuries ago. What they are doing to-day may be only the passing freak of a bribed political adventurer; it is altogether more urgent to remember those racial or national characteristics which have existed, perhaps, for centuries, and to which the most adventurous of adventurers will sooner or later

have to submit. When our Foreign Office negotiates with France and Germany, it is more important to know the history of those nations than the figures that pass across the screen of their diplomatic picture palaces. To-day is such an infinitesimal fragment of the whole story of the ages.

It may be permissible to point out, in particular, the two chapters which deal with the history of England during this period. They cover the reigns of the Lancastrian and Yorkist kings, the French War, and the Wars of the Roses at home. They are original and valuable contributions; and show how far too many of the school text-books lag behind the latest scholarship. It is another instance of the present value of history when it is here made clear that Henry V led his people to war with France against their will. One of the most important truths of history is that so-called national hatreds are generally the artificial creations of some stupid ruler who mistakes himself for a diplomat or a soldier. Such a large part of history is the story of rulers who ought to be in prisons or asylums.

For those who are tired of political history, there are long and alluring chapters on art and witchcraft and education. Real history has no limits in its study of man.

This closing volume of a great historical work renews the urgent thought that a proper understanding of history would do more to restore the world to sanity than most political actions effect. If people knew the mistakes their ancestors had made they would not be so ready to walk into the next pit that opened in their path. A bright-witted philanthropist who planted a copy of these Cambridge Ancient and Medieval and Modern Histories in every public and parish library might make the voters at the next election demand common sense instead of "politics".

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& THE END  
IS IN SIGHT

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**A PALADIN OF ARABIA**, by Major N. N. E. Bray. *The Unicorn Press.* 12s. 6d.

TOWARDS the end of his previous book, *Shifting Sands*, in which he maintained the thesis that the Arab revolt against the Turks identified with the name of T. E. Lawrence was misconceived, Major Bray devoted some space to the Englishman whom he thought the real hero in British war-time relations with the Arabs—Colonel Gerald Leachman. Here, under a resounding title (perhaps "A Paladin of England" would have been more accurate), he gives us a full-length picture of this most remarkable man.

Even if, outside Arabia, romance has cast few shadows about his name—for he spurned any contact with the mutual admiration societies which deformed the Western mind upon the stature of men engaged during the War in Arabia, Leachman was unquestionably a most unusual character. Uncommunicative, hating publicity, wanting no reward (except the D.S.O., which, duly and deservedly, but not for his greatest exploits, he obtained), he had, a few years before the War, wandered about the Syrian Desert and had even penetrated right into the heart of Nejd, emerging on the Persian Gulf. Why? Not for the lust of travel; not for the glory of exploration. Simply, Major Bray insists, because he saw that, were his country to become engaged in the Middle East, it was essential to have the Arabs on the British side. In short, all his pre-War feats of daring and endurance were performed as a patriotic duty.

It was typical of the way in which the Mesopotamian campaign was at first handled that for many months Leachman, who knew both the "desert and the sown" better than any other British soldier, had to kick his heels with his regiment in India. When at last it was

realised that he had already immortally enshrined his name upon the map of Arabia, he was brought to "Mesopot" as a Political Officer. For most of his time, however, he was either on the fringe of the cultivated areas or miles away in the blue to the west, attracting to England's cause those friends he had made before the War, and frustrating the pro-Turkish Arabs. It is pleasant to read that when Herr Preusser, the German who in those undulating wastes of the Syrian Desert had tried to hoist the Crescent, was captured by the British, he shook Leachman's hand warmly in congratulation of the Englishman's single-handed efforts.

Leachman undoubtedly helped to win the war for the British in Arabia, but Major Bray suggests that when, after a well-earned leave in England, this desert-enraged man was recalled for political work in Mesopotamia, his doom was practically certain. If it were certain, that certainty derives mainly from one thing: Leachman's habit of beating Arabs. It is no depreciation of Leachman's magnificent courage to indicate that Arab tribesmen cannot be treated in this brutal manner. And so, when by blackest treachery, Shaikh Dhari and some associates murdered Leachman at Khan Nuqta in August, 1920, the town Arabs, sensitive enough to "wrongs" done to the tribesmen though apt to look upon them as so much dirt, secretly rejoiced. One of the greatest pillars of England had fallen. This sentiment was proved by the thousands—though the fact is not mentioned in this book—who eight years later turned out in Baghdad to witness Shaikh Dhari's funeral.

There are abundant faults in this work; much repetition, erratic spelling, fulsomeness and over-emphasis, but it will be, and deserves to be, widely read.

KENNETH WILLIAMS.



THE PROBLEMS OF TARIFFS

By D. W. BROGAN.

**BRITISH ECONOMIC FOREIGN POLICY**, by J. Henry Richardson.  
*Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.*

THIS is a timely and wise book, designed to educate the public in the implications of the new commercial policy of the country, a type of education that is badly needed. It would be comforting to believe that it will do good, but that faith struggles for life—in my breast at least—in a rather feeble fashion.

Professor Richardson is no doctrinaire; he takes the world as he finds it, a world of nationalism, of fear of war, of desire for security, a world in which long term policies are out of place. So far so good. Free trade is dead and possibly damned and it is Professor Richardson's intention to argue for a policy of "reasonable" protection, for a clearer insight into what our policies involve, their cost in money and in political strain. If this book is as widely read as it deserves to be it may shake some minds in their easy complacency, but it will puzzle and irritate more. Professor Richardson argues well and acutely and with a candour one would like to see more common, but these are qualities that are little in demand in the market to which he is taking them. It is sad but true that, while there are simple arguments for free trade that are good, all the simple arguments for protection are bad; the good arguments being too subtle, elaborate and conditional for common use.

One remark of Professor Richardson's suggests that he may be aware of this, or he notes that it is "ironical" that at the moment when for the first time

Britain was in a position to give the Dominions food preferences, her hands were tied by the appearance of a movement for protection for home agriculture. If by "ironical" *odd* is meant, then the surprise is quite unjustified. Nothing was more natural than that when at last the political obstacles to food taxes were dodged the real beneficiaries should be home farmers with votes, not Dominion farmers with only sentimental or purely economic appeals. Whatever professional imperialists in their permanent day-dream may think, the British farmer does not relish being undercut by Canada a bit more than by Argentina and he is certain to insist that his M.P. takes that view and, if we leave the plane of sentiment for that of economics, then the forces that might work for Canada will work even more powerfully for Argentina or for the £500,000,000 of British capital sunk there. That the great economic movement for binding the Empire together should have been marked by nasty bickering at Ottawa and followed by boycotts in Lancashire is the most natural thing in the world, and that simple souls were surprised by these phenomena is merely a sign of how little we know about real tariffs and their consequences. They may be worth the price, but there is the price.

Professor Richardson is optimistic about our present immunity from log-rolling and the other sins of tariff-making in less favoured lands; he may be right. In a country where the source of party funds is hidden who can say him nay? But if he talks with a steel merchant about some of the little ways of our

steel monopolists he will learn of devices that would amuse an American, and if he reflects on the history of the victory of the beet-sugar interest over the Greene Committee he will perhaps modify his judgment. His own account of that illuminating episode omits the most significant point, the pressure brought to bear on the Government by the M.P.s for the affected districts; the failure of the old bonds of party discipline to hold against the acid of public money distributed in localities. East Anglia was solid enough, but the political history of the "Liberal" party in East Fife is even more significant. Does Professor Richardson think, for example, that the beneficiaries of the hops scheme would support any candidate who wished to see that the joys of that ingenious device were in wider commonalty spread? He gives us very significant figures of the cash cost of these various devices for handing over money to small groups of producers, devices concealing from the not very keen eyes of the man in the street some highly regressive taxation. But still more important is the lesson that is being learned, that it is politically impossible to withhold from a group money once given to them, even though the conditions on which it was given have been unfulfilled. A strong government might defy the interests, but only if party discipline can be relied upon to hold. It has failed once; I see no reason to doubt that it will fail again.

Professor Richardson never rubs anything in, but one or two of his understatements are so mild as to be misleading. The export duty on palm kernels after the War was imposed "on the initiative of the British Government". By whom? Is there any other authority in British West Africa than the British Government? These units are neither Dominions nor Crown Colonies and when we talk of the

"Government of Sierra Leone" doing something we mean that local British officials are doing what they have been told by the Colonial Office. What we really mean is that we are already using our political control of those colonies to pay us economic dividends. Professor Richardson realizes this and realizes that it makes public boloney about our trusteeship and so on, nonsense at which the cynical Continentals laugh. But he might be more explicit, and his belief that this method will bind the Empire together has little historical justification. I don't expect a Lagos tea party for a while yet, but I think that, in all consistency, we ought to see a marked drop in the price of Burke's works.

On all the descriptive and economic sides of his subject Professor Richardson moves like a master, but in the political implication he is less interested and less at home. In a glowing tribute to the magnanimous patriots of the beet sugar industry, The Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot, M.P., sneered at "cranks and fanciful men" (*The Times*, May 8th, 1936) in a stout British fashion that it is to be hoped will be taken to heart by Mr. Elliot, D.Sc., F.R.S. The day before this firm handling of sceptics corrupted by too much thinking it was possible to read in the chief journal of the city for which Mr. Elliot is a member of the shutting down in Greenock of an old-established sugar machinery factory owing to the loss of its trade with "Australia, Canada, South Africa, China and Japan" (*The Glasgow Herald*, May 7th). Greenock, home of that dangerous innovator, James Watt, used to flourish on shipbuilding and on the cane-sugar industry. It is only a question of time before its electors ask Mr. Elliot's cabinet colleague, Sir Godfrey Collins, what tangible good in the form of public cash he is going to get for them to make up for the bountiful largess that has gratified other regions.



## A GREAT STATESMAN

By SIR JOHN MARRIOTT.

LORD PALMERSTON, by H. C. F. Bell  
2 vols. *Longmans.* 42s.

WOULD it have occurred to anyone, expert or general reader, that Palmerston had been rather neglected? But for Mr. Bell's assurance I doubt it. There is surely no other statesman of the Victorian era, with the possible exceptions of Gladstone and Disraeli, whose figure is so familiar to the great public as that of "Pam". Nevertheless, Mr. Bell's two stout volumes, comprising nearly 1,000 pages, will convince most readers that there was room for a new study of Palmerston on this elaborate scale, and if there was a gap in our historical literature, this American professor has proved himself eminently capable of filling it.

Even were there no gap, this book would justify itself: it is a fine biography of a great man. In some respects Lord Palmerston, though not the greatest, was the most remarkable English statesman of a century, peculiarly rich in parliamentary statesmanship. Pitt and Fox, Castlereagh and Canning, Perceval and Liverpool, Peel and Wellington, Melbourne and Grey, Palmerston, Russell, Aberdeen and Stanley (Derby), Disraeli and Gladstone, Salisbury and Chamberlain. What a galaxy! But Palmerston stands out not least conspicuously. Born nearly half a century before the first Reform Bill (1784-1832), Palmerston remained constant to his belief in Aristocracy, if not in Oligarchy, and had none of that passion for parliamentary reform which distinguished his colleague and rival, Lord John Russell. But Russell was

nothing if not a Whig; Palmerston was hardly weaned from Toryism when in 1830 he took office as Foreign Secretary in the Ministry of Lord Grey. By that time he had already had twenty years of office, having been appointed a Lord of the Admiralty in 1808, and become Secretary-at-War in 1809—an office which he held continuously through the administrations of Spencer Perceval, Liverpool, Canning, and Goderich, and for three months in that of Wellington. Not, however, until Canning's accession to power in 1827 was Palmerston admitted—after twenty years of official service—to the Cabinet. From then onwards he was out of the Cabinet only at rare and brief intervals until his death in 1865. He was a septuagenarian when he first became Prime Minister (in 1855), but he had ten years of office still ahead of him. Truly an amazing record!

To each of the successive phases in Palmerston's varied career Professor Bell does full justice. But the impression which he gives of Palmerston's position as Secretary-at-War is somewhat confused, not to say misleading. Mr. Bell does not, of course, make the elementary, but not uncommon, mistake of confusing the Secretaryship-at-War with the Secretaryship of State for War and the Colonies. Moreover, he refers to the fact that Lord Liverpool, "under whom he served for *fifteen years* (my italics) had not only to mediate between him [Palmerston] and the Duke of York, the Commander-in-Chief, had not only to reprimand him sharply on his own account, but to review disputes in which Palmerston's intolerable pomposity con-



stantly emerged" (I. 42). It is clear from the context ("fifteen years") that it is to Lord Liverpool as Prime Minister that Mr. Bell is here referring. He appears to ignore the fact that for the three years before he became Prime Minister Lord Liverpool was, as Secretary of State, Palmerston's official chief at the War Office. The impression conveyed (unintentionally, no doubt) by Mr. Bell is that the Political Chief of the War Office was not infrequently at variance with the Commander-in-Chief, and that the Political Chief was Palmerston!

But this is a minor, if not a trivial, point. Apart from this, I have observed, whether in the text or the notes, etc., a few—if very few—corrigenda. For instance, George Canning's widow was never "Lady" Canning—though his daughter-in-law was. Nor was the accomplished editor of Wellington's *Letters to Mary, Marchioness of Salisbury*, ever Lady Winifred Burghclere, though she was born Lady Winifred Hubert. A small matter; but not smaller, though merely incidental, is the summary statement (I. 17) that in the quarrel between Canning and Castlereagh "each was in some measure to blame." For that quarrel Castlereagh (whose name, by the way, does not appear in the index) was in no way whatever to blame. Portland may share the blame with Canning in minor degree, perhaps; others, also; but Castlereagh in no measure.

Apart from such minor and incidental corrigenda, a critic can have little but praise for a finely executed piece of historical research. It is, however, no dry-as-dust research. The book is written in admirable style, scholarly without pedantry, and lively without those irritating mannerisms and affectations which spoil so much "lively" biographical work.

The supreme merit of the book is,

however, this: that long as was Palmerston's public career, close and almost continuous as was his connexion with great affairs, the book is a real biography, not a history of the times hung round a personality. That personality stands out. We see Palmerston in his greatness and littleness; we are all made to understand the causes of his unpopularity in earlier life and his overwhelming popularity towards the close; we see this sportsman, this darling of Society, possessed of a real passion and an amazing capacity for work, demanding (like Lord Curzon) much from official subordinates, but always more from himself; genial towards colleagues, but "intolerably arrogant" (I., 200) towards his office staff, towards offending tradesmen—and towards the representatives of Foreign Powers. Of two things Palmerston was convinced: one was his own infallibility; the other was the superiority of England. As Lord John Russell (no blind apologist) well phrased it, "his heart always beat for the honour of England." "His highest 'ideal'," says Mr. Bell, "in that period, at least [about 1848] was the one he had carried with him and offered to Europe for so long: the British form of government administered in the British way" (II, 5). We have realized, in these latter days, that the finest constitutions, like the finest wines, "do not travel"; that much mischief has been wrought in the world by England's attempt (as in Greece) to impose an "English" Constitution on peoples entirely unprepared for it, and by the premature adoption by other people (e.g., the Italians) of Parliamentary Democracy. But in Palmerston's happier day who could doubt that Parliamentary Government, on the English model, was the panacea for all political ills? Certainly not this self-confident, jaunty, optimistic, arrogant, and lovable Englishman so admirably portrayed by Professor Bell.

**CHRONICLE OF MY LIFE**, by Igor Stravinsky. *Gollancz*. 8s. 6d.  
**MASTERS OF RUSSIAN MUSIC**, by M. D. Calvocoressi and Gerald Abraham. *Duckworth*. 18s.

IN this simple Chronicle, translated (why anonymously?) from the French, Stravinsky has set down certain memories of his life up to 1935, "in order to present a true picture of myself, and to dissipate the accumulation of misunderstandings that have gathered about both my work and my person." There is a sparseness about the drawing of this self-portrait that at first suggests the admirable economy of a Picasso; and a clarity of style in the narrative that, if clarity were all, would do much to dissipate the deplored misunderstandings. But somehow one finishes the book with the feeling that the sparseness of the portrait is after all a kind of timidity and the clarity of the narrative more a matter of eclecticism than of lucidity. One is almost driven to prefer the sometimes over-statement of a Berlioz, whose forthrightness at least bespoke red blood and pulsating life.

Stravinsky has rationalised his curious evolution in a quite plausible way: the reasons are given, but somehow they do not entirely convince. It is a long way from *L'Oiseau de Feu* to *Persephone*, and only the composer can tell us why those twenty-four years saw an almost complete metamorphosis from romantic into neo-classic. Perhaps the core of his reason is to be found in a passage dealing with Diaghileff's production of *The Sleeping Beauty*. There he declares that in classical dancing he sees "the triumph of studied conception over vagueness, of the rule over the arbitrary, of order over the hazard"—the conflict between the Apollonian and Dionysian principles of art. And because "art demands above all the full consciousness of the artist" and ought not to seek its goal in that "losing of oneself" which is called ecstasy, he is wholly on the

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side of Apollo. As a theory it is interesting, but still it does not explain Stravinsky.

It does explain, however, that partial isolation in which he confesses he finds himself to-day. "I have a very distinct feeling [he says] that in the course of the last fifteen years my written work has estranged me from the great mass of my listeners." He takes some sort of refuge in the fact that he now believes "there was seldom any real communion of spirit between us." If this were really true, it would be a sorry indictment of Stravinsky, as it is indeed a terrible belief for any artist to hold—especially one who openly acknowledges that "art postulates communion". But the truth is, of course, that every time *L'Oiseau* is played that communion of spirit between the composer and his audience takes place. Can it be that Stravinsky wishes to forswear his earlier works? But such theorisings are too common

in the Chronicle for us to take this seriously. He was one of the first, for instance, to "go over" to the piano-player and almost every one of his compositions has been recorded for the gramophone; yet he is loud in his disapproval of mechanical music as a means of lessening the necessary active co-operation of the listener—a discrepancy he somewhat naively overcomes by saying that gramophone records are valuable as documents which may be consulted by intending executants of his music. And emphatically the composer of the *Sacre du Printemps* and *Petroushka* asserts that by its very nature "music is essentially powerless to *express* anything at all". It rather looks as if music has got hidden in a cloud of ideas.

As for the narrative of the Chronicle, the best, as might be expected, concerns his long association with Diaghileff's ballet. All ballet-lovers will enjoy his accounts of the memorable first nights of ballets now accepted by everybody but once so incomprehensibly revolutionary. Stravinsky expresses the very highest regard for Nijinsky the dancer but has some severe criticisms to make of Nijinsky the choreographer; whilst his great affection for Diaghileff does not blind him to the disturbing jealousy that marred this genius. In fact Stravinsky's record of his earlier days is by far the best part of the book: in the second half he is tiresomely concerned with the bare enumeration of concert tours and performances of his work—an aridity of narrative which some find reflected in his music of the same period.

*Masters of Russian Music* is an omnibus volume of the lives of all the great Russian composers except those now living. The lion's share of the work has gone to Mr. Abraham, who brings to his stories a lively style and a considerable reading.

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## PORTRAIT OF A SWARAJIST

By MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE.

**JAWAHARLAL NEHRU, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.** *The Bodley Head.* 15s.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU is, apart from Gandhi, the only Indian Nationalist leader nowadays capable of exciting authentic popular enthusiasm; and where Gandhi has lost his hold over the educated classes Nehru is their hero. His appeal is quite different from Gandhi's, less religious. He prefers economic to moralistic exposition, and finds the Five-Year Plan more stimulating than the spinning-wheel. Gandhi's autobiography, published in India as *My Experiments with Truth*, shows how all his political activities have arisen out of certain simple and fanatically held moral convictions. He grew to hate British rule slowly as he became convinced that it involved spiritual degradation; the essential conservatism of his nature has made him have little sympathy with revolutionaries as such, and he has championed the poor not so much because he wanted to improve their material conditions as because it seemed to him that industrialism was giving them false gods to worship, disturbing a traditional way of life which, though economically meagre, was spiritually rich.

Nehru's autobiography, on the other hand, reveals a romantic revolutionary. It was Italy and then Ireland and then Russia that warmed his blood, not India's past. His youthful heroes were patriots like Garibaldi rather than saints and ascetics and where Gandhi prided himself on dressing and living like the lowliest of his fellow-countrymen, Nehru, according to Mr. Edward Thompson, on

one occasion rode on a white charger to unfurl the Congress flag. This difference may be partly due to different social origins. Though Gandhi's father was Prime Minister in a small Kathiwar State he belongs to the *bania* or commercial caste, while Nehru is an aristocrat, a Kashmiri *brahmin*. He grew up in a rich and luxurious establishment, was educated at Harrow and Oxford, and while reading law in London fell into the attitude of mind of the pre-war intellectual, being influenced by Pater and Wilde and "trying to ape to some extent the prosperous but somewhat empty-headed Englishman who is called a 'man about town.'"

Back in India in 1912 he practised as a barrister, but without putting much heart into the work. Like so many young Nationalists he fell under the spell of Mrs. Besant, went through a short Theosophical phase, and then threw himself with passionate fervour into Gandhi's first non-co-operation campaign. Henceforth the struggle for Swaraj absorbed all his energies. His and his father's whole manner of life altered. They wore *kadi* instead of European clothes, gave up their luxurious ways and a lucrative legal practice, were constantly in and out of prison, and, next to Gandhi, took the most prominent part in the turbulent post-war years. Motilal Nehru died in 1932; Jawaharlal, released from prison last year to visit his dying wife in Europe, presided over the latest Congress session.

His autobiography, written in prison, is a revealing and attractive document. If it is not particularly profound it is

entirely sincere. The doubts that assailed him are all faithfully recorded; and no attempt is made to hide the conflict in his nature between a deep personal devotion to Gandhi and a natural repugnance for much of his teaching. Religion, which is the main-spring of Gandhi's life, is on the whole suspect in his eyes. He tends to take the Marxist view that it has been used to drug the masses into tolerating their wretched lot, and is sufficiently a child of his generation to find asceticism philosophically distasteful if sometimes practically expedient. Gandhi's attitude, he writes:

Is that of the ascetic who has turned his back on the world and its ways, who

denies life and considers it evil. For an ascetic that is natural, but it seems far-fetched to apply it to men and women of the world who accept life and try to make the most of it.

Apart from the interest of his autobiography as self-portraiture it sheds much light on the whole mentality of a new type of Indian Nationalist, between whom and the older type Nehru is a link. He has a foot in both camps. If he frankly repudiates much of Gandhi's doctrine he retains his faith in him as a great leader; if he has little good to say for Moderates like Sastri he still believes in representative government and many of the ideals of nineteenth century Liberalism, from which the Indian National Congress was derived. His Socialism, though ostensibly Moscovite, owes more to William Morris than Marx. Tagore seems to him still a fine cultural influence—so much so that he sent his daughter to Santiniketan preparatory to going to Oxford, and his literary affiliations stop short at T. S. Eliot.

For the time being the Left elements in Congress are ranged behind him, but not, I fancy, for long. They are moving towards the idea of party dictatorship and the repudiation of even the idiom of Democracy. Legislatures will soon no more satisfy them than cake did the starving Paris mob, and the most untrammelled Constitution seem in itself as little desirable as the British Raj. Nehru is unlikely to feel much sympathy with such an attitude of mind; less even than he does with Gandhi's. His own roots are in the pre-war world, however gallantly and bravely he may have played a part in the post-war one. In this respect, a more significant prophet is perhaps Subhas Bose, whose book, *The Indian Struggle*, is frankly appreciative of Fascist-Bolshevik technique. It would be interesting to know what Nehru thinks of Bose. In his autobiography he has scarcely anything to say about him.

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**HITLER: A Biography.** By Konrad Heiden.

THE rise of National-Socialism to power in Germany has been a phenomenon so extraordinary, so complicated in its development, so obscure in many of its aspects, that even today, after three years of Nazi rule, the background and psychology of the movement, and the character of its "Führer", Hitler, are subjects on which the most varied opinions are current among people in other countries, particularly English people. A full and reliable study has for a long time been needed, and Konrad Heiden's excellent book should become a classic. The author is well qualified for his job: he was one of the leading journalists of pre-Hitler Germany, and as he worked for many years in Munich, the headquarters of National-Socialism, had an admirable opportunity to study it in detail.

The story in its bare outlines is strange enough. A peasant's son who shows no particular gifts in youth except a "gift of the gab," a down-and-out of pre-war Vienna who became a corporal in the Austrian Army, suddenly, amid the chaos that was Central Europe in the first years of the peace, begins to form a political movement around himself, which is discreetly smiled on by certain influential military and civil circles. This movement, attracting to itself the riff-raff of adventurers and terrorists the sudden demobilization had thrown upon the country, and using the most unscrupulous, irrational, and blood-thirsty propaganda, within a decade has captured the discontented and dispossessed masses of the middle-classes and large sections of the unemployed proletariat; suffers many severe reverses, is shaken by continual scandals, but always survives them, steadily advancing until it has under its complete, ruthless control a people of sixty-six millions—once famous for its depth of thought and richness of culture.

In Germany today, among hundreds of thousands of the faithful, Hitler is held to be, quite literally, a superhuman Messiah. Abroad, some of his most bitter opponents consider him a mere puppet without any intellectual or other ability of his own, maintained in power by forces which have remained for the most part quietly concealed. It is the great merit of Herr Heiden's book that it exposes convincingly the exaggeration in both these views. Hitler emerges as a man with one supreme power: that of swaying and converting to his own ideas vast audiences by the sheer magic of his oratory, even though the content of his speeches be monstrous and contradictory nonsense. This power he has consciously, even cynically developed to further the ambition that has obsessed him—the annihilation of Marxism and the restoration of the united German race to a dominant position in the world. It is clear that he never would have succeeded if he had not been supported, first by the Reichswehr, then by all those who stood to profit by his declared aims: rich industrialists and bankers chiefly, both at home and abroad. It is clear that the German people were in a state of hysterical confusion after the war, which made them an ideal prey for a hysterical personality with confused but magnetically simple ideas and an amazing demagogic gift. At the same time it is also clear that Hitler owes his success to something more. He is a man, as Heiden draws him, who, though vacillating in counsel and treacherous, can carry a plan through with unequalled rapidity and thoroughness once he has definitely decided on it, and, though naturally indolent, is capable at times of tremendous sustained effort, as if hypnotized. A man who has known how to assimilate from the actions and writings of people as different as Lueger, the anti-Semite mayor of pre-war Vienna, and Trotsky, precisely those elements



which could be most useful to himself, and who has been able throughout his career to judge nicely an associate's value for himself and to handle that associate accordingly.

Herr Heiden does not abandon himself to one-sided invective, and it is therefore all the more ominously that two aspects of Hitler stand out in his picture. No considerations of humanity have ever caused him to hesitate; Jews, Catholics, Socialists, Communists, even his own comrades-in-arms, have gone down in frightful deaths before the Juggernaut. And no promise he has ever made, for temporary diplomatic reasons, has he thought twice of breaking when it suited his purpose, when the hour was ripe for his next leap.

JOHN LEHMANN.

AS TIME WENT ON, by Ethel Smyth.  
*Longmans 15s.*

THOSE who come to this book with the expectation that in it we shall find much about music and musical things will be disappointed. It contains indeed what I think to be a very sensible remark in this connection: "I began this book by saying that it is not addressed primarily to musicians; nor is it about music, which to my mind is a thing to write and to listen to but not to talk about."

What Dame Ethel Smyth does talk about are the other matters which have compelled her in the course of a life which she has lived with the zest of an exceptionally high "vitality. And the chief of these has certainly been friendship. The three people who, she tells us, have counted most, to whom she has given herself without reservations, were Lisl von Herzogenberg, who will be remembered because of her correspondence with Brahms, Henry Brewster, and Lady Ponsonby; and this book which takes up the story where she left it in *Impressions That Remained*, is chiefly concerned with discussion about and

correspondence with Henry Brewster and Lady Ponsonby.

The circumstance that they were both, and especially Henry Brewster as revealed in his letters, personalities of fine mind and integrity gives a quality to a narrative which otherwise rattles on somewhat too breathlessly. For Dame Ethel's strong suit is less subtlety than honesty, another, it may be remarked, rare and fine quality; and it is stimulating to be brought into contact with someone who, one feels surely, never has any axe to grind, but speaks her mind. She herself, possibly truly, assigns this frankness of hers as one of the reasons why, to use her own words, she has never "succeeded in becoming even a tiny wheel in the English musical machine."

Needless to say then Dame Ethel is as candid about her dislikes as she is about her likes. One of those with whom she could never manage to hit it off was the late Archbishop Benson, who regarded her with extreme wariness. But it is, one feels, with the utmost delight that she records his opinion of her Mass:

Overhearing bits of it at Addington, he remarked afterwards, that in this Mass God was not *implored* but commanded to have mercy. Here Maggie Benson, who, though not musical, had listened, poor thing, to a good deal of Mass talk, said that if he were alluding to the *Christe Eleison* section, she understood that what had been aimed at was an expression of *intense terror*. "Indeed?" said His Grace, "I can only repeat that to me it sounded like orders issued in an extremely peremptory manner."

One is not surprised that even her friendships did not lack the salt of tempestuous disagreement. There are many illustrations of this in the chapter devoted to her friendship with Lady Ponsonby, herself no milk and water individual.

Another of the commendable features

of this autobiography is the circumstance that unlike so many exuberant personalities, Dame Ethel can be detached not only about herself but also about her friends. The chapter she devotes to the once-esteemed writer, Vernon Lee, is a strikingly acute and vivid description of a now almost extinct species, the blue stocking who wore her stockings up to her elbows. As for her enthusiasms, whether for the Empress Eugénie or for golf—she was the first to introduce this sport to the Victorian Court at Balmoral—she writes with a contagious zest. This is, first and last, an extremely likeable book.

NORAH HOULT.

### IRISH LITERATURE AND DRAMA, by Stephen Gwynn. Nelson. 6s.

Most memorable is the childhood shock with which one learns that some delicious plant, the tomato, for instance, which one had always thought of as a vegetable, is really a fruit. The shock is small, but it changes the blood. Mr. Stephen Gwynn's book on Irish literature produces this kind of feeling. It disorganizes the critical faculties. We like to play the game of naming the common denominator of Goldsmith and Oscar Wilde; Congreve, Farquhar and Joyce; Bernard Shaw and George Moore. We know that wit is an element, the best in the world: we know the pleasing absence of that "graver moment" which English writers are so unnecessarily fond of: and we ponder over that strange inverted nostalgia of Irish authors which makes them rush away, so often, from the paralysing charms of their native country. All we are sure of is that the common quality is something light, and fresh and fascinating. Yet here in Mr. Gwynn's book is this charming vegetable brought under the Fruit heading, Nationalist Literature.

To most readers it will be an entirely new picture of the subject, though it will be none the less an extraordinarily inter-

esting one. The Goldsmiths and the Congreves are left out. Swift is described as an outside man, "to whom the Irish were maltreated serfs", not, as they were to themselves, "the heirs of a noble race, despoiled and defeated; held in ignominious bondage, and yet aware of a nobility that survived in them". The Irish literature which is written in English begins with—Tom Moore.

The dandified, the fashionable, the imitator of English Romanticism, the decidedly pale reflection of Byron, the most ephemeral of best sellers, never heard of now except historically, or through a few verses so famous and so flat that we are not always quite sure who wrote them—this man, it appears, is the Burns of Ireland. The "*Irish Melodies* are the true beginning of a national Irish literature in Ireland's second language."

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## PITMAN

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It is true—and in one sense, at least, which we may not have realized before. Not only were these verses a fitting of modern lines to old Irish tunes and metres: their mythology, which seems to us Romantick and Ossianesque, was real, and was part of the ancient stories still recited, Saga-wise, by the Irish peasants. The minstrel boy was identifiable. Tara's Halls meant the halls of Tara. And Moore is a true original of the Irish Nationalist movement, of the Young Ireland movement, of the nineteenth century. Miss Edgeworth, Carleton and Charles Lever, Mangan and Ferguson, Davis and Duffy, can all be re-read illuminatingly in the light of their relation to Moore, as part of a consciously native literature, of a bridge linking the *Irish Melodies* with A.E., with Yeats, and the new Irish drama.

Moore, of course, seems much too perilously sophisticated to maintain this

grand position. But was even Burns any more of a god-visited ploughboy? Was he not, also, a "literary man", experimenting with English ballad measures and Scotch diction? The chief difference is that Burns was a poet. And the point immediately suggests itself, that it is possible to be a very fine and a very effective nationalist writer *without* being a poet, and that consciously nationalist writing is often not the best kind of writing, especially if, as Mr. Gwynn suggests, it is a sort of colonial nationalism, with pleas for freedom and emancipation borrowed from the idiom of the home country, and made "Irish" by the adoption of a rhetorical anapaestic foot, a sadly unsatisfactory imitation of the caught back, beautifully hesitating rhythm of Gaelic. Thus it was with Moore's followers: with the Mangans and the Duffys. It takes a Yeats to do this with effective sincerity: and to Yeats I shall confine my indulgence in Irish National writings, even if, vegetable wise, the authors who precede him can be shown to be of the same consistency. But once the line of approach undertaken in this book is accepted, the reader will find it revealing, with a suggestion of interesting new names, fascinating scraps of Gaelic poetry beautifully translated, and the whole period wisely and most ably demonstrated by Mr. Gwynn. STEPHEN POTTER.

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**NAVAL ODYSSEY**, by T. Woodrooffe.  
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THE Navy is still very much the Silent Service so far as the public's knowledge of everyday life in H.M. ships goes, however it may be in the news from time to time politically or pictorially as the subject of international disagreements, of "photonews" snaps of launchings and "Jack coming ashore for Easter leave"—a hardy annual with variations as, for instance, when attention is called to the startling fact that the Admiralty y



ever thoughtful for the welfare and progressive efficiency of our faithful sailors, now provides Jack with a natty suitcase in place of the old regulation kitbag. Popular books on naval matters are certainly few and far between. There is the classic *Naval Occasions*; otherwise, apart from a number of senior officers' war-memoirs, mainly of strictly professional interest, I know of no book, published within recent years, which has dealt with naval life from that angle, that is to say from the inside, "human" point of view; nothing in any way comparable with this racy and very entertaining *Naval Odyssey*—an intimate personal record only thinly disguised as fiction.

Mr. Woodroffe has in fact broken quite new ground. Although in the same boat (if such a contradiction of metaphors will be excused) with "Bartimeus" as a chronicler of naval things, chiefly from the standpoint of the cheery junior N.O. and the lower deck, he differs in being considerably more of a realist: indulges in no sentimental idealising of his episodes. If the ward-room officers are bored, as is likely enough to be the case in the dog-watches of an August day at Portland, with the grim prospect of proceeding to Shoeburyness for a calibration shoot in the near future, he gives us the truth about this situation and leaves it at that. And he can dispense with even the pretence of a conventional plot to hold our interest, because we realize from the start that this is not fiction but history. The night cruiser *Cassiopeia* was not after all destined for Shoeburyness: much to the chagrin of the specialist "Guns," but to the delight of everyone else. Instead she was sent off on a sudden "Joy Cruise" to San Sebastian, representing Britain at some jamboree or other; from whence, interrupting the festivities, all very amusingly related, he receives emergency orders for the

Mediterranean. This was in the early 1920's, at the time of the Turco-Greek war, when Britain was very nearly involved in open hostilities with Mustapha Kemal. There follow chapters on the evacuation of Smyrna and subsequent events at Chanak and Constantinople, leading up to a climax when the cruiser returns to Smyrna and enters harbour in defiance of Kemal's threat to sink her. Although nothing happened, because the Governor of the Chusan Island batteries disobeyed his orders to open fire, I have rarely read anything more dramatically exciting, of its kind, than the description of the *Cassiopeia's* crossing the line.

This book certainly deserves a wide popularity. I think it is the most truthful and amusing book about the modern Navy, in the form of fiction, that has so far been written.

D. M. MACLAREN.

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## FICTION.

NEW WRITING. I. Edited by John Lehmann. *The Bodley Head.* 6s.

THIS book is an interesting and exciting innovation. Every six months Mr. Lehmann, proposes to issue in book form a collection of writings, mainly prose and—one gathers from this volume—chiefly fiction, by young writers who because of the accident of length or because their material is unacceptable, do not find their way into the literary reviews. The result is a magazine in book form but without those editorial notes, manifestoes, notes by the way, etc., etc., which occupy so much space to no good purpose in new reviews, and without those too tender, if promising articles and stories which no new clique review seems to be able to avoid. Unlike these reviews, *New Writing* is worth the money. There are no merely hopeful but hopelessly dead pages. It is all readable and alive. Any one interested in new literature ought to get this book, for the number of literary periodicals of good reputation becomes smaller every year and their policy more and more restrictive as they depend upon the conventionally minded public and their advertisers.

One expects and finds a definite character in the book and those who have been watching the younger and more serious writers will be prepared for its pre-occupation with politics. Fascist and reactionary writers are barred—but then there are no Fascist writers of any importance. Fascism in England is intellectually sterile, at any rate among the young. The more vivid political material comes naturally from German and Russian writers—there is for example a good realistic account of a beating up in a German concentration camp, by Anna Seghers; the English

political mindedness is confined to that rather spinsterish awakening to the class situation which is all contemporary English history seems to permit. Even so Mr. Isherwood and Mr. Ralph Bates have to go abroad for their material and the latter, in his story, is not political nor sociological at all. He is at his best, I think, when he is not political for he then refrains from informing us and gives us (what it is the novelist's business to give) a narrative as close as possible to the skin of living. Now that writers are seeing both the pitfalls as well as the obligations of having a view about society, the political movement is beginning to show its character. It is realistic, it presents the life of the ordinary man. It is beginning to do, in its own way, something not unlike what Defoe did for English prose and the novel in his own period of class transition. There is in nearly all these pieces a refreshing speed and vigour of narrative which are what the English novel had lost. The life of the street is coming back. This is all very different from the bizarre clever stuff of the 'twenties which epatéd the bourgeois. No bourgeois need be frightened of the every day realism of the young.

I do not wish to suggest a monotony of subject and a sacrifice of sensibility to realism though this danger is bound to exist whenever realism drops into news reel photography. The class situation is a very limited subject. The contents of this volume so far escape monotony. They are varied, for example, by Mr. Stephen Spender's verse translations, M. André Chamson's delightful story of a boyish enmity and Mr. William Plomer's simple, lucid conversational account of a visit to Ireland.



If Mr. Lehmann, who has so successfully avoided the crudities of propaganda, can find an equal variety of material in the present atmosphere of rather studied political fervour the next issue of *New Writing* will be worth keeping beside the present one. And he will have escaped the fate of those editors of new reviews who go up like a rocket in their first number and come down in the second a very dead stick.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

**GREEN GATES**, by R. C. Sherriff.  
*Gollancz. 7s. 6d.*

**MISS LINDSEY AND PA**, by Stella Gibbons. *Cape. 7s. 6d.*

**WATERLOO IN WARDOUR STREET**,  
by Eric Siepmann. *Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.*

MR. SHERRIFF has demonstrated in his previous novels a sympathetic understanding of the Little Man, even, upon occasion, exalting him to the stature of Everyman. But the soul of Mr. Baldwin, his most recent creation—though his spiritual adventures lead him from "Grasmere", Brondesbury Terrace, to the earthly paradise of a budding housing estate in the rural areas of Middlesex—is bound in too small a compass for us to feel more than the mildest interest in the translation.

The one character who holds her own and our respect in the Baldwin *ménage* is Amy, the maid who, after seventeen years of faithful service and basement stairs, knows when to down her broom with dignity.

Miss Lindsey and Pa, however, would certainly have appreciated the home life of the Baldwins, for a dwindling income forces Miss Lindsey to "oblige" a variety of ladies whose friends and ways of living are as surprising as they are unorthodox. Miss Gibbons has a gift for satire which she sometimes overworks, but in this book

she has wisely tempered it with discretion.

It is a far cry from the prosaic setting of the first two novels to the fantastic world of Mr. Siepmann. American film studios have always been fair game for the attacks of authors, but so far the English stripling has 'scaped whipping. Perhaps it has been felt that the infant industry is still too young to suffer drastic treatment or that, in these enlightened days, an admonishing wag of the finger from Mr. Graham Greene is sufficient reproof. Be that as it may, the author of *Waterloo in Wardour Street* displays no such restraint. He is out to attack this quota-fattened industry and admirably succeeds.

The story centres round the vast and highly paid executive that grows up (on borrowed money) round a film that is never made. Artful close-ups show us directors who never direct, experts never called upon for advice, scenario writers who never put pen to paper and a corps of Old Etonians with nothing to do but finger their old school ties.

All is excellent fooling, and if one quarter of the barbs strike home in the celluloid glades of Boreham Woods the author's efforts will not have been in vain.

E. B.

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## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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**William Horsfall Carter** made his first contribution to the *Fortnightly* soon after leaving Oxford in 1924. International politics being his special study and modern languages his diversion, he probably finds Chatham House something of a spiritual home. He lectured there on the social revolution in Spain—a subject which deeply interests him—only a week ago. He was formerly an editorial writer on the *Spectator*, and until recently editor of the *New Commonwealth*.

**H. B. Elliston**, though English by birth, is a very well known American journalist. As Financial Editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* he has been a close student of the Roosevelt experiments, and frequent visits to Washington keep him in direct touch with the politics and personalities of the capital. He is also American correspondent of the *Observer*, a paper which he represented on the China coast before making his home in the United States.

**Basil Kellett Long** went to South Africa in 1902 and in 1909 was a Law Adviser of the National Convention, which formulated the plan of Union that became, with but little alteration, the constitution of the new Union of South Africa. He resigned his seat in the first Parliament of the Union to become Dominions Editor, and subsequently foreign editor also, of *The Times*. Then in 1921 he returned to South Africa to take the editorial chair of its leading newspaper, the *Cape Times*, from which he resigned last year.

**Professor Hearnshaw's** article is the result of an interest which as President of the Historical Association he

has lately taken in the subject of the historical film. It is to be noted that it was written on his return from a conference in Manchester, after his association had been in communication with the Film Institute.

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